



CHINA MAIL



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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Reassurance

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's latest foreign policy speech can be expected to give much needed encouragement to the free world. Among other things it removes misgivings created in the West and elsewhere by some of the recent public utterances of Mr Foster Dulles and a number of prominent congressmen. The important aspect of the President's declaration is that it represents a long-term view, and the policy enunciated, therefore, is no expedient. While it is a policy which provides for the present, it also projects itself into the future. It is as spacious as it is realistic. Many will see in it a reflection of the late President Roosevelt's power of vision and grasp of essentials. The apprehension that has recently been generated in the minds of the free peoples of the world is that the United States is preparing to abandon its policies of nurturing the economically backward countries and to loosen ties in other directions with its traditional allies. This, of course, may still happen if congressional reaction to Mr Eisenhower's pleas is hostile. But, at least the world now knows where the President stands so far as foreign policy is concerned, and the assurance is given that if he is supported by Congress, that policy, with its provisions for "strength to defeat rash aggression," a free system of world trade, and continued economic assistance to the free countries needing it to keep Communism at bay, will be implemented in the fullness of time. Certainly in the English-speaking world Mr Eisenhower's declaration will be received with the keenest appreciation. It accords with the foreign policies of the Imperial Government and the rest of the Commonwealth. In particular is welcomed the President's statement: "We must strive constantly with our friends for a free system of world trade and investment, for strengthened trade agreement legislation, for simpler rules and regulations under which trade can be carried on." This has been the British Government's plan for the last four or five years, and backed by the strength of Mr Eisenhower's guidance and advocacy, hopes are stronger than ever before that it will finally be realised.

French Govt's Fate Decision Today DAY-LONG TALKS TO AVERT CRISIS President Confers With Key Politicians

Paris, June 12. M. Rene Coty, the French President, conferred with key politicians yesterday in an attempt to avert a political crisis. With M. Joseph Laniel's 11-month-old Government facing almost inevitable defeat in today's (Saturday's) vote of confidence on Indo-China, the President saw M. Edouard Herriot, Radical elder statesman, and General Pierre Koenig and M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, the Gaullist leaders. Radical and Gaullist Deputies will decide the outcome of the vote. He also received M. Laniel, M. Paul Reynaud, the Deputy Premier, and M. Frederic Dupont, the Indo-China Minister.

Korea Conference Failure In Sight

Geneva, June 11. Britain told the 19 nations at the Korea conference here today that they would have to admit they could not complete their task if they failed to solve the deadlock over free elections and United Nations authority.

For the second time in two days, Mr Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, urged the conference to face up to realities or admit failure. He issued a similar warning yesterday to the nine-nation Indo-China peace talks.

Canada, New Zealand, France, Belgium and Thailand supported the British stand in upholding the United Nations as a world authority.

But China and North Korea maintained their outright refusal to consider any United Nations supervision of all-Korean elections.

The next meeting on Korea in the case of the Indo-China talks—will be fixed by consultation between the conference chairmen.

Mr Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister, accused the United States of trying to create a still more unstable situation in Korea and to prevent any possible armistice in Indo-China.

Today's plenary session was the first on Korea for six days and the 14th since the conference began nearly seven weeks ago.

WORLD OPINION

Mr Chou said China believed that world opinion would not allow America to "walk out of the Geneva conference" in response to the "clamouring of the Syngman Rhee clique."

He urged the conference to adopt a five-point Soviet proposal as a basis of further dis-

cussion "since we have obtained concurrence, or come close to concurrence, on not a few points."

The five points put to the conference last Saturday by Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister who presided today, cover all-Korean elections within six months, the setting up of an electoral commission by both Korean Parliaments, withdrawal of all foreign troops, an international supervisory commission and guarantees.

The Communists want the international commission to be on the model of that supervising the Korean armistice which has Polish, Czech, Swiss and Swedish members.

Mr Eden said the Communists' proposals were incompatible with United Nations principles. He saw "no prospects of agreement" here on the all-Korean commission in which the Communist North Korean minority would have a veto.

Britain was ready to explore every means of reaching agreement, but there must be some sign that agreement was possible. If the conference had to admit failure, that fact should be reported to the United Nations.

Despite assurances, some of the backbenchers of both parties doubt the Government's sincerity to reach a truce at the Geneva conference.

Mr Eden rejected Mr Chou's assertions that the Geneva conference had nothing to do with the United Nations. He recalled that the United Nations had successfully defended the victims of aggression in Korea. Since the conclusion of an armistice under his authority, it was "more closely concerned than ever" with a peaceful solution of the Korean question.

Despite intense last-minute negotiations behind the scenes, M. Laniel's prospects of being able to scrape together a majority for today's crucial test were rated as very slim in political quarters here last night. Only some spectacular development at the Geneva conference or some major surprise move in Parliament could still save the Government, according to these sources.

The Government's fate depends wholly on the attitude of the 76 Radical Deputies and the 75 Gaullists whose partial defection caused the resounding Government defeat early on Thursday morning when its Indo-China motion was thrown out by 322 votes to 203.

Though both parties are still represented in M. Laniel's Cabinet, 64 Gaullists and 33 Radicals voted against it. Short of an unforeseen "bambooist," a substantial number of these Deputies, particularly from the Gaullist ranks, are expected to withhold their support again from the tottering Government.

On the credit side, M. Laniel can count on the backing of some 200 Conservatives, Popular Republicans and dissident Gaullists, but he will face an equally certain opposition from the 105 Socialists and 99 Communists.

RELATIONS WORSEN

Relations between M. Laniel and his Radical coalition partners have been worsening progressively ever since the Vichyist Pre-idential elections last December when the Radicals took the by-elections and his election but also failed to get their own candidate elected.

Relations with the Gaullists have been deteriorating since Easter when M. Laniel abandoned his "neutral" position on the European Army and swung round to support Popular Republican pressure for speedy ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty.

Despite assurances, some of the backbenchers of both parties doubt the Government's sincerity to reach a truce at the Geneva conference.

But some Government supporters were still hoping last night that President Coty might call for general elections and save the Laniel Cabinet from defeat. Under the French Constitution, President Rene Coty can decree fresh elections after consulting the Chamber of Deputies in less than 18 months by more than half of the votes of the 627-member Chamber. The next general elections are not due for another two years—Reuter.

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Above are the faces of the gold medals which the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., won at the Swiss food fair.

HK Wins 2 Gold Medals At Swiss Food Fair

UNIQUE SUCCESS FOR HK & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD

Two gold medals with honours have been awarded to the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels Ltd., for exhibits of Chinese food and display of a Chinese dinner set at the world-famous "Hospes" fair at Berne, Switzerland.

This was announced yesterday by the Secretary of the Company, Mr A. Sommerfelt.

The exhibition of food, under the supervision of the manager of the Peninsula Hotel, Mr Leo Gaddi at present on leave in Switzerland, was awarded 39 out of a possible 40 points after an international jury of gourmets from Switzerland, France, Canada, Austria, Germany and Yugoslavia, tasted the shark fin soup, sweet and sour pork and bamboo shoots.

All the jury were expert judges of Chinese foods.

The second gold medal with honours was for a Chinese dinner set of Kwangai porcelain for a party of 12, each piece bearing the Chinese characters, Man San Mo Geung which means "Life Without End". Mr Gaddi displayed this in the traditional fashion on a round table. Crowds admired the exhibit.

Considering that all the food exhibited at the "Hospes" fair was tinned and then flown to Switzerland by BOAC, the gold medal was a great credit to the two men who prepared the Chinese dishes.

They were the Peninsula Hotel's chef, Mr Max Moermann and Mr Tsui Tim, the Hotel's caterer.

Mr Sommerfelt told the China Mail yesterday: "The two men got their heads together and experimented for months with that food before they were satisfied that the correct standard had been reached. Mr Moermann, who was trained at Home, had apparently learned how to tin foods during his chef's training.

"Before the Senate session, he strode into the current Army-McCarthy hearing to tell Senator McCarthy of his impending attack. "I don't have enough interest in any Flanders speech to listen to it," Senator McCarthy commented.

Military Talks End

100 PER CENT

The two men made allowance for this and apparently produced something that went down 100 per cent with the jury.

"To my knowledge, this is the first time that the company has entered such a competition. We are extremely gratified that we now have the staff who can bring off a feat like this."

In old Carolina

Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavouring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Moscow.

At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his historic reply:

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It's down and as your tongue ceases to resemble a

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Lime juice please."

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MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Comic Strip Raises Farmers' Ire

Love of animals established an Australian artist as one of this country's top comic strip creator whose work has won the praise of education authorities.

This same strong love for animals also brought Nan Fullarton numerous vehement protests from farmers, who objected to her strip advocating the suspension of the virus killer myxomatosis in Australia's war against rabbits.

World known scientist professor Julian Huxley, during a visit here, was drawn to comment, "most peculiar thing I saw in Australia was a comic strip which had a rabbit recovering from myxomatosis as its hero."

Rabbits are the great grey rodents of Australia, causing yearly damage estimated at 10 million for every one of the country's nine million population.

A country woman myself, I appreciate the courage that it takes to our Australian scientist, but surely our scientists have a more humane method of extermination than myxomatosis," said Miss Fullarton, wife in private life of Mr. P. Denby, mother of 14-year-old daughter, Christine.

One does not need to be a naturalist to be shocked at the frightening torture that Frisky virus produces.

"For this reason I contend to the wholehearted admittance of our rabbits, who, with their worth, adaptability, are now creating a generation immune to myxomatosis.

And for the same reason I decided to inaugurate a one-woman campaign against myxomatosis through my 'Frisky' strip."

Frisky, in the name of the rabbit which Mrs. Fullarton has made the central character in her weekly strip, in the deceptively drawn series, Frisky contracted myxomatosis, but with the help of his friends, the constant care of his mother, and an anti-toxin injection, he survived.

CHERISHED HOPE

Mrs. Fullarton admitted the farmers' protests, but claimed, "my other readers—many adults as well as children—seem to have followed the course of my life with anxiety, and finally relief."

"I cherish the hope that a future generation of Australian farmers, brought up on 'Frisky' will ban the use of myxomatosis entirely," he said. "Of course, fitting in a humane alternative, the rabbit could eventually take over the country and Australia could be lost to the Empire."

About Frisky's creation and life, Mrs. Fullarton says:

"It was as the mother of a young child that I first conceived the idea of a comic strip which could avoid unwholesome sensationalism and yet be exciting enough to hold the interest of children and, at the same time, contain a certain educational value."

"Originally 'Frisky' the rabbit was to be merely an ubiquitous little character used as a medium through which the other animals were to be introduced. Soon I found, however, that 'Frisky' had taken complete charge of the strip and had developed such a definite personality that I was forced to accept him as the central character and to allow the other animals to take a secondary place."

"He's a sturdy, kindly, little person full of initiative and resource, utterly reliable in a crisis (and Goodness knows there are plenty!) and quite extraordinarily brave."

VERY FULL LIFE

Miss Fullarton's Frisky has led a very full life these last five years. His journeys include a trip to the Antarctic on the back of a seal, sailing nearly the full length of the 1,200-mile Murray River, as well as many

Students To Have Own Mine

Brisbane

Students at the School of Mining Engineering, University of Queensland, have their own mine to work in.

Future engineers and metallurgists learn the practical side of their work at an abandoned silver, lead and zinc mine, the Indooreopilly, bought by the School of Mining in 1951.

Bit by bit, the mine has been re-conditioned by succeeding classes of students, who have opened up two shafts, two main drifts (openings or passages), an open-cut area, and a half a mile of underground workings.

The old Indooreopilly is being used as an underground laboratory for mining surveying, applied geology, ventilation and dust surveys, sampling and computation of ore reserves.

The University's Chair of Mining was established in March, 1950.—United Press.

A Social Precedent

Johannesburg

For the first time coloured (half-caste) debutantes are to be presented to the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, Mr and Mrs A. F. Keen, in July.

Position in the social register will have no bearing on the selection of girls to be presented. The "playgirl" will have no place at the "coming out ball."

Participation in social welfare, educational, cultural or sports work will be the deciding factor.

Sixty-five girls between the ages of 16 and 28 will be selected. Many will make their courtesies wearing dresses made by themselves.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Now that I got these drums for my birthday, you and Mom will have to learn to play something so I can keep time!"

Stiff German Competition

Leopoldville, Belgian Congo. German businessmen are cutting into British business and even threatening some US firms in this highly-competitive Central African market, a survey showed.

Trade officials here said that

in their hungry search for

postwar markets, the Germans

were eating into this area by

means of "generous credits,

prompt delivery, good after-sale

service and a general approach

that nothing is too much trouble

to win customers."

Starting with practically no

business here after World

War II, German exporters nosed

ahead of the Union of South

Africa and France during the

past four years to take fourth

place in this rapidly-expanding

market. Belgium herself rides

first in the import business

here, with United States a

healthy second and Britain

definitely third.

Latest official figures on the

values of imports to the Belgian

Congo and the attached territory

of Ruanda-Urundi for 1953

showed the following (in Belgian francs):

From Belgium—6,934,375,040;

USA—4,177,050,558; Britain—

1,262,475,471; Germany—806,

480,737; France—612,571,611;

Union of South Africa—600,

507,021. Total imports were

valued at 18,000,370,405 francs

for the year.

Authorities here said the

Germans had made particular

headway in selling motor vehicles,

food products, machinery,

tools, chemical and electrical

goods and precision instruments.

The German prices have been

attractive—electrical equipment

sometimes 15 to 20 per cent

cheaper than the similar American products.

"One of the most important

things," a customer of a big

German firm explained, "is that

the Germans take the trouble

to tailor their products for this

specific market. The British

don't always do this."

Although imports into this

West Central African trade

centre must be made with per-

mits, the permits have been

freely available for most prod-

ucts in the past few years.

Although there are less than

80,000 Europeans here, the ex-

panding native market num-

bers 12,000,000.—United Press.

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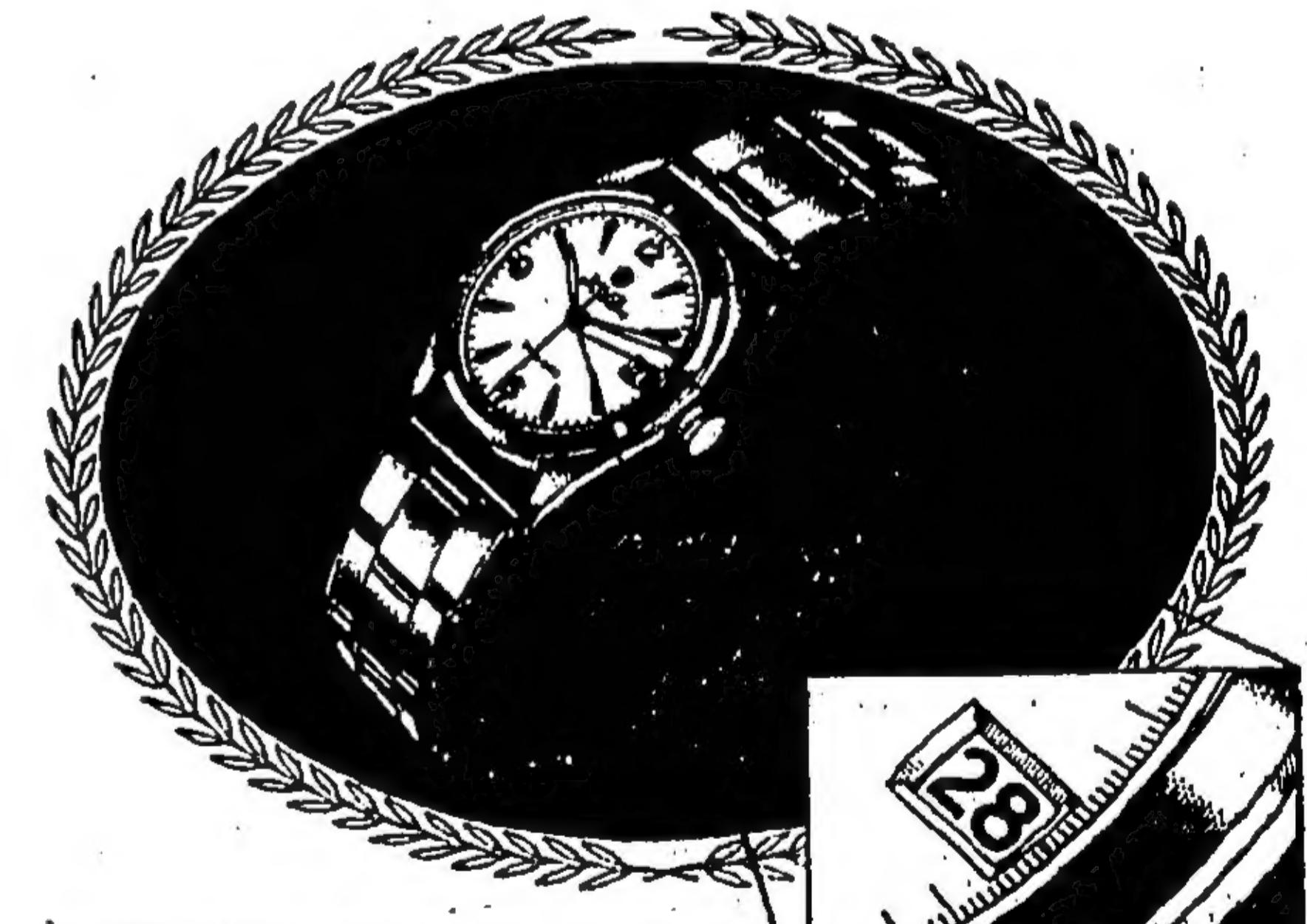
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NEWS FROM HOME

(in pictures)



RIGHT: Johnny Longden, top American jockey, who rode the Irish horse, Blue Sail, in the recent Derby at Epsom. He finished tenth, but said he had a good ride. Longden rode in the American style, with short stirrups. He has ridden more than 4,400 winners. (Express).



THE Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the 17-year-old Princess Alexandra, snapped at the Chelsea Flower Show. They are seen by the giant marquee, which covered nearly 3½ acres, and which was packed with exhibits of massed flowers and vegetables. (Express).



TWO girls, dressed as crusaders, wheel in a giant cake for Lord Beaverbrook to cut at the luncheon in London honouring his 75th birthday. The party was given by the staff of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. (Express).



PRINCESS MARGARET inspecting the Officer Cadets at the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School passing out parade recently. On extreme left is Senior Under Officer R. W. Horrell (The Devonshire Regiment), to whom the Princess awarded the Sam Browne belt of merit. (Army News).



THE QUEEN and other members of the Royal Family were guests at the wedding of Viscount Althorp, 30, son of Lord Spencer, and Miss Frances Roche, 18-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Fermay. The newlyweds are seen leaving Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was held. (Reuterphoto).



BALLET dancers went to the National Film Theatre in London last week to see the only existing film of Pavlova dancing. The film was made in 1924. Toasting Madame Rambert at a party after the film are (second from left to right) Alicia Markova, Beryl Brey and Violetta Elvin. (Express).



LONDONERS ponder over one of a brain-teasing collection of sculptures at the 1954 International Outdoor Sculpture Exhibition in Holland Park, Kensington. This is entitled "Seated Man," by 23-year-old Elisabeth Frink, of London. (Express).



THE American Evangelist, Billy Graham, (right) and his wife are shaking hands with Mr and Mrs Douglas Fairbanks at a farewell dinner at the Dorchester in London which marked the close of Mr Graham's three-month-long "Greater London Crusade." (Express).



THE Duke of Windsor pictured at Victoria Station, London, when he travelled from Paris recently to attend to "personal business." The Duke, who was carrying a bright green velvet hat, was met by the Earl of Dudley, with whom he stayed at King's Langley, Hertfordshire. (Express).



THE race for sports cars which opened the international motor racing meeting, the first to be held on the new Aintree circuit. The track runs most of the way alongside the Grand National course, some of the jumps of which can be seen on the right of the picture.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

DAIRY
BOX
MILK
CHOCOLATES

JOE WON'T HOBNOB

By EVELYN IRONS

New York. CAPTAIN JOHN McKEE-NORTON, who fought with the Grenadier Guards in North Africa, will meet 60 other ex-officers and men of the Household Brigade to do some beer-drinking in a public house next Tuesday evening.

Just another reunion? A reunion, yes—but with a difference. For the pub is German—and it is in New York ("We chose it because it serves beer to pint glasses"). And the men are some of the 200 who have joined the newly formed Household Brigade Old Comrades Association in America.

"Members are still coming in," says Norton, who started the idea. He is a toilet firm executive in New York and is married to a member of the Duke of Alba.

But there are, of course, troubles. Chief is the notion that the Association are a snobbish lot. Some men refuse to join because of that.

"Too snobby for me," said Audited-headed, 53-year-old Joe Dunn, whom I found on duty in an elegant dark blue and gold uniform at the main entrance of the Plaza, one of Manhattan's plumpiest hotels.

Itishman Dunn has been here for some 30 years and is now an American citizen, but he has not lost the braggadocio of his father. Kiddish Dunn was a wounded man serving with the British Guards on the Somme in 1915 at the age of 17.

£100 A WEEK

Joe has no wish to hobnob with the swells after he leaves the Plaza doorway of an evening. "It was never even an NCO and I would feel awkward among all those officers," he says.

Doormen in New York's best hotels make more than most Guards officers at home up to £100 a week.

Such an attitude as Joe's is highly displeasing to the ex-officers who are organising the get-together of guardsmen.

Brigadier Jack Trendell, president of the Association who lives in New York, is also president of the English-Speaking Union, told me: "This thing is completely democratic. Far from discouraging other ranks, we want them to remember that our officers are to keep old guardsmen in America in touch with each other, and to help each other in every way we can."

Annual subscription is two dollars, although those who can afford it are encouraged to give more.

THREE STARS

America's ex-guardsmen include three Hollywood stars: Cary Grant, who was in the Irish Guards, Guy Milland, one-time trooper in the Blues, and Victor McLaglen, who was a corporal of a horse in the Life Guards.

Sons of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, former British envoy to United Nations, and of Sir Vernon Dixon, who has succeeded him, belong to the Association.

You even find a guardswoman in the New York subway: 46-year-old John Pollock, a conductor (at £1,600 a year) on a train shuttling under Lexington Avenue, was a guardswoman in the Irish Guards before he emigrated to America 25 years ago. He married an Irish girl and they have a daughter aged 12.

Pollock won't have it that the association is a snobbish outfit. "There are certainly a lot of officers," he said, "but they are all very nice."

IS THIS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS?

By Les Armour

London. WHEN the world shrieks to its end, there will still be somebody cursing somebody.

The other day Coventry had a preview of the end of the world. It turned into a shouting match.

It wasn't that Coventry lacked experience of catastrophe. Hitler did his best to give the townsmen a good idea of what the end of the world might be like.

But the City Council has decided that there is something pathetically ludicrous about bringing out buckets of sand and rolls of bandages to meet an H-bomb.

The Government does not agree.

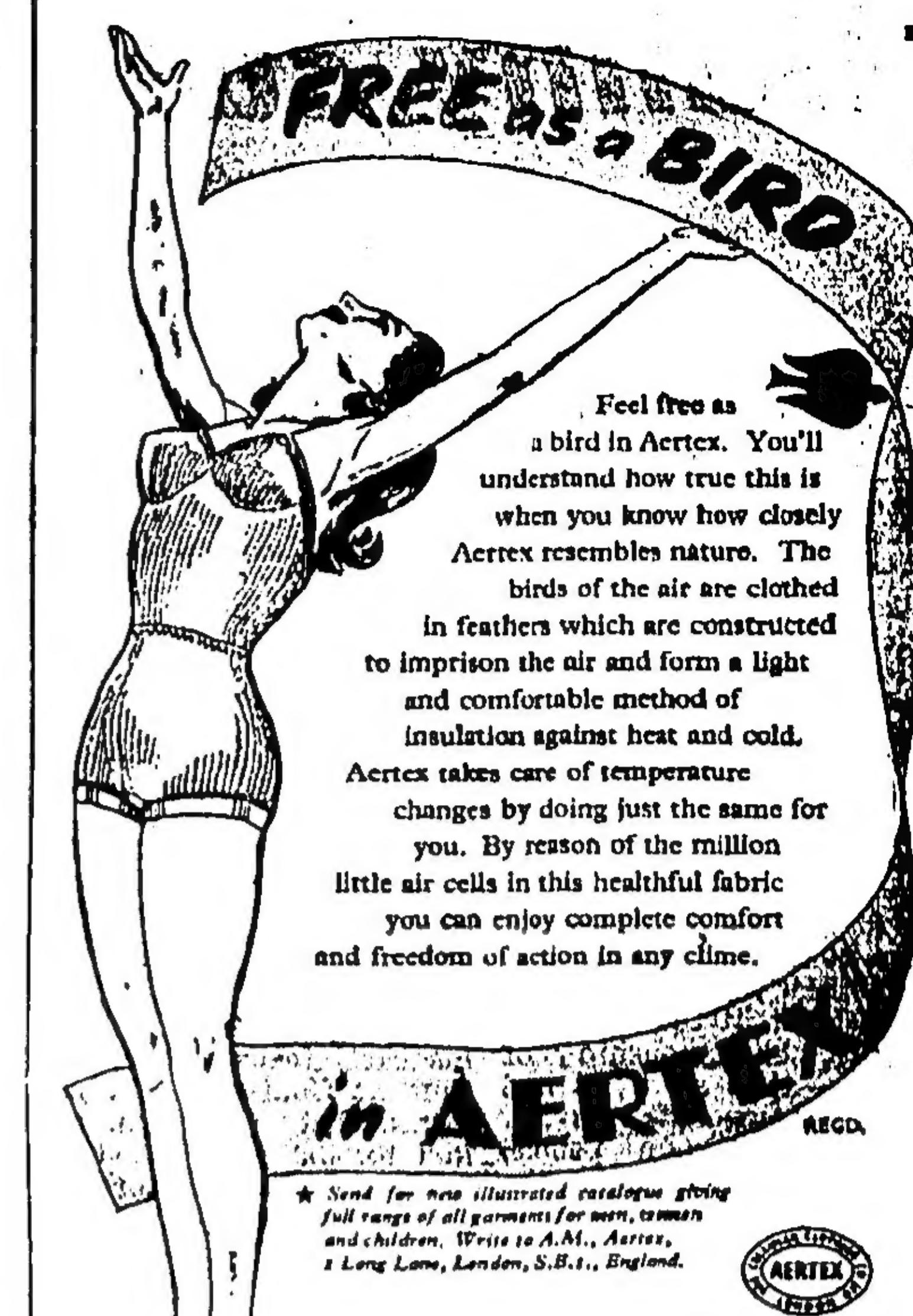
To prove its point, the Home Office sent a mobile column to pretend that the H-bomb had come—and to show the townsmen what they ought to do about it.

Somebody involved had a particularly nasty sense of self-righteousness. Part of the script blared over loudspeakers reads: "The public-spirited volunteers of Coventry are also appointed by the council... Some of your own relatives or friends might be among those trapped in a story waiting through seemingly quiet hours before



"You told your constituents you needed it for food, old man!"

London Express Service



No time for comedy where girls are engine-drivers

ACCENT ON WOMEN

Rene MacColl reporting from Moscow

THE 20-year-old swimmer in Moscow University's large indoor pool was doing his best with a crawl stroke, but the couch in the track suit trotting along the edge was not satisfied and kept up a stream of sharp admonition.

What made this scene unusual? The swimmer was being coached and scolded by a young woman.

Russia is a woman's country all right, but not quite in the sense in which people talk of America as being one.

Here a woman has exactly equal rights and opportunities—and pay packets—as the men in every conceivable field.

It is even open to women to join the Komsomol, Krasnok, Krasnok, and the others on the Supreme Council that rules Russia. So far none has made this particular grade—but it would not surprise me at all if some day soon one of these clever-looking, earnest, and intensely competent Russian women were to do so.

Russian women are engineers and streamlined drivers and truckers. That girl at the wheel of my Moscow trolleybus in dense traffic the other day was a very good driver.

Russian women shine shoes in the street, mend roads, inspect sewers.

Russian women are long-distance train conductors and top-level engineers and hold "instructors" (managing directors).

At these talks with the British men that have been going on here our men have been taken back to find women in many of the Russian teams of negotiators. One girl may have come up specially from a Black Sea port to advise on a "black deal" and women, moreover, who obviously know their jobs backwards.

Russian women are checkers and judges and "bridge-busters" (i.e. poce). And thousands of them are doctors and organic chemists and museum guides. (I reported the other day on a £30-a-week woman who showed me round the Lenin Museum.)

Russian women dream not of winning a football pool but of coping a Stalin prize worth £20,000 for some bright idea.

But they tend to regard life as sober, life as earnest. They more often than not have a most serious, not to say bleak, expression on their faces. Not for them the easy jest, the frivolous word.

'Why not?'

I TRIED paying my museum guide a mild compliment, but it fell to earth with a thud. I said to the interpreter to please tell the guide how impressed I was by the minute knowledge she had of all the exhibits in the many and crowded galleries through which she shepherded me.

When this was translated the guide frowned and replied: "But since I am a guide of the museum why should I not possess this knowledge?"

As you were saying, MacColl?"

Russian women are anything but smart in appearance (although they are trying to remedy things by way of the fashion displays I reported on the other day). But, by and large, the women who crowd the pavements and shops are of our standards almost impossibly dressed.

The other day I was on Gorki Street when suddenly I thought I was confronted by a man.

One old woman took a swing at a councillor with a birdcage which was supposed to be all she had saved as she "fed" her home.

Laugh if you like. But what is going on in Coventry is almost certainly a microcosm of the reactions of a bewildered world.

★

The Government wants to proceed with "business as usual." No one knows quite what will happen if the H-bomb comes. Buckets and bandages are something at least.

Coventry Council refuses to be lulled into the kind of mock security which "Civil Defence" provides. The councillors think that, by having nothing to do with it, they may impress on somebody the brute fact that the only hope is to realize that you just can't play with H-bombs.

They refuse to have any truck with anyone who believes that an H-bomb is even humanly conceivable.

It is a desperate view. But it is humanly understandable—even though, if it ever does happen, there will have to be someone there with an ambulance and a bandage making the best of it.

I suppose she was a member of the Ukrainian ballet that is performing here now. But

whoever she was, she brought a momentary sparkle to a generally unsparkling scene, like the dart of a kingfisher on a grey day.

At Moscow University in its enormous skyscraper, the young girl students would make you blink at the complete lack of grooming, the absence of make-up or lipstick.

At the university, so I am told, it is considered rather bad form to go in for make-up, and any girl so indulging tends to be frowned on by her fellows. Better for a woman to wind up with a cheerful of metal than the right tint of eye shadow.

Yes—I visited the Lenin Museum, which an average of 3,000 Russians attend on weekdays, 6,000 on Sundays, and 10,000 or more on the anniversary of his birth and death.

The guide who took me round was a quick, pleasant, intelligent woman who graduated with honours in modern history and earns £300 (about £118 6s. 6d. at the present exchange rates) per month.

As a history student myself I found every moment of the two-hour-plus tour completely absorbing.

I found a message of greeting from none other than Mrs Violet Fletcher, vice-chairman of the Wolverhampton and District Peace Council, who was not long since.

There is a piece about woman artist Serafina Ryangina, of whom the magazine says: "She shows us women architects, builders, and agronomists taking part in the great transformations effected in our country."

"Her heroines are distinguished for profound confidence in their powers and a deep sense of dignity—traits typical of Soviet women in general."

At the back we come down to earth with some "Hilts to young housewives" which are pretty much the same the world over. (How to remove the odour from pork or mutton fat? Boil it with a little milk and then it will be as nice as butter for cooking with.)

If, if....

YES, there's no getting away from it. Russia's women have brought off some extraordinary achievement in nearly every field you can think of.

If they feel that, busy as they are, life's too short to bother about the way they look—well, they are entitled to that opinion (especially if the men don't kick too much).

But if on top of everything else the girls of Russia decide that they too are going in for the beauty business in a great big way and then proceed to tackle it with the massive efficiency they bring to pretty well all else—

Here is the first of many oil paintings showing Lenin in action—"He influences illegal circles in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad," explains the guide.

In 1897 he married Nadezhda Krupskaya, a schoolteacher.

And one of my favourite exhibits in the whole place is a wonderful photo of Nadezhda addressing the troops just behind one of the many fronts in the turbulent period of 1918-20—the period of foreign intervention.

Young Molotov

SHE is a tall woman wearing a striped two-piece suit with a belt—but my attention was riveted on the young Molotov in the foreground.

His hair is dense and black. But even then he wore the famous plumed hat which he since shaved off again a couple of hundred thousand front pages.

Said my guide: "How I wish he would be as young as that now.

Russia needs men like him."

In July of 1917, during the period of Kerensky's provisional Government, things got tough and Lenin hid out in a small cottage near Petrograd.

And here are the cooking pot, the kettle for tea, the saw, and the khaki greatcoat which saved him in good stead at the time.

Later comes victory. And so now the earnest little boy in the bottom tune is a world figure.

Here is the faithful replica of his Kremlin office. Four brown leather overstuffed chairs are drawn up beside a red baize-covered table, making a T with his desk. ("But Comrade Lenin never sat on the soft chairs but always the hard. The soft were reserved for his callers.")

There is a green-shaded desk-lamp and also four candles. Why the candles? "For sealing-wax and also because in those far-off days there were electricity cuts."

There are elaborately carved wooden hand-binders.

Lenin used square nibs. And he had not much time for anything except pushing forward his ideas. Those ideas that have changed the world we live in quite a bit.

A shrewd, dynamic implacable man—with ideas, who wore velvet collars on his overcoat and founded Pravda and knew or was pretty sure he knew what was just right for a nation of 200 million and lots of other people besides.

Take the first photograph of the Lenin family group, except that they were not called Lenin in those days but Ulianov.

His father

THERE sits his father, the schoolteacher, bearded, correct, stern of demeanour—Mr Barritt of Wimpole Street, Russia.

There is his mother, a rather handsome woman, with perceptive eyes and wearing that little Victorian top gear that ladies wore indoors at the time.

And there are the six children, all very solemn, with our hero, young Vladimir, in the bottom right hand corner wearing the vaguely military-looking tunic of the high school of the period.

Here are young Lenin's school reports (which is how I know about his inattention in the maths class).

And here the books he read at school—a novel by a man named Chernilevskiy entitled "What's To Be Done?" ("Comrade Lenin was most fond of it," interpolated my guide.) And "Das Kapital," that legendary best-seller by our bearded friend Karl Marx, he who lies quietly in Highgate Cemetery—opened proudly at the title leaf.

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Danny sucked a pebble on the beach to save £1000

By GEORGE WHITING

He was gasping for a drink on the beach at Brighton—but not for him the solace of a cup of tea or a quick one round the corner. All they would let him have was a pebble to suck.

Of course, he COULD have broken training and swallowed a quart of lemonade, but it would have been an expensive drink. Any such departure from the strict line of duty would have cost him £1,000, the price they were paying him for a shot at the bantam-weight championship of Europe—at 8 st. 6 lb. and not a pennyweight more.

So suck your pebble, Danny O'Sullivan. Make the weight. Wring yourself dry.

THE FIGHT THAT FINISHED THE CHAMPION

How are you to know that Luis Romero, the Spanish ex-stonemason, once had the honour of killing a bull—and is shortly about to give a passable imitation of doing ditto to you? Stay thirsty son. You need the money.

Electrician O'Sullivan was a perky little cockney from Islington, orphaned at 17 by the sudden and tragic death of his father—a sewer man whose wages had had to be eked out by rough and ready pugilism. With four sisters and five younger brothers keeping him company in the chill of poverty, what else could Danny do but fight?

Enterprise was called for, so he won the amateur championship of Scotland—which is not bad for a cockney. Versatility was demanded, so he got a job in a gas-works—which is not bad for an electrician.

Amateurs buckled under his punches at home and in Burma, India, Malaya and Sumatra. Then in

1947 he confided to me over lunch in a City pub that he was about to turn professional. I told him he was a fool, but that if his mind were made up, I hoped he would never become a slave to the scales—denying himself sustenance to meet the arbitrary weight demands of the Marquess of Queensberry.

Having known him since his early teens at the Lion Club at Hoxton, I was well aware that O'Sullivan had had to be half-boiled to make 8 st. 6 lb. for his amateur championship.

Professionalism in those conditions could certainly ensure reasonable creature comforts for his wife, Lily, and daughters, Pat and Carol. But it could also mean a mighty long and arduous sweat-session for father.

O'Sullivan prospered at a pound or two over the odds and even got down to weight to take the British championship of the veteran West Hartlepool publican, Teddy Gardner.

Four months later, on April 25, 1950, they matched him at Harringay for the European title with Romero, a swarthy southpaw from Barcelona. We rejoiced at Danny's big chance, stilled our doubts about his waist line and went off to the Crown and Anchor at Brighton to watch him train with one of his old "enemies," ex-champion Jackie Paterson—recruited because he, like Romero, boxed right-foot forward.

Practised by now in the little white lies that become necessary to boxers when journalists are about, O'Sullivan assured us that everything was fine, that he was eating well, and that he would make the weight without discomfort or loss of strength. No mention of a gargoyle for breakfast or a bit of shingle for tea.

Tonight, somehow or other, you have to fight 16 three-minute rounds with the phonny smile, shake hands with Romero, rib the reporters.

O'Sullivan came thus to the official scales at 8 st. 5 lb. 6 oz., went to Mass at a French church in the West End and retired to rest for the afternoon. Romero, married 48 hours previously to the beautiful Paquita Fuster, registered 8 st. 5 3/4 lb.

Fatigued by the unnatural battle with unwanted ounces, O'Sullivan nevertheless boxed brilliantly, seeking by skill and the up-and-at-'em streak of Irish in his blood to postpone the inevitable. Danny did his darndest to snatch that title and please those members of the public who knowing little and caring less about weight reduction, demanded action.

Romero, square-set, chunky and flat-footed in the manner of old-time fighters, shot his southpaw right hand at the back of O'Sullivan's head, and pulled him on to a left hook to the liver. O'Sullivan stood for it. A strong man can outsmart such manœuvres, but not when

you have left your rap in a Turkish bath.

Twice in the first round Romero knocked O'Sullivan over with vicious left-handers, and having shown who was boss, the Spaniard kept it that way. Had Romero adopted the usual southpaw style of leading with his right, O'Sullivan might have stood a chance with his own right hand; but Luis did nearly all his business with the left, thus denying O'Sullivan the usual counters against a "wrong way round" boxer.

★

O'Sullivan, moving clockwise to avoid that menacing left hand, used his feet well enough to make Romero forsake hooking for swinging—but too many of those southpaw punches to the body reached their target. "Take a count!" roared O'Sullivan's seconds as their weary but still defiant little man o'clock.

Half a pound over—8st. 6 1/2 lb.

Not much you might think. Nor would it be, if you were a bigger man, or if you had been satisfying your normal appetite for liquids these last three weeks—instead of turning yourself into breadcrust. In those circumstances, how much more can you sweat, Mr O'Sullivan?

One hour to go. Eight ounces of stamina and tissue between you and a £1,000 Championship. So it's off to the Turkish baths, a desperate quest for perspiration in the hot room, a vigorous towelling, and a slow walk back to the weigh-in—so weak that you have to lean on the arm of a friend.

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DANNY O'SULLIVAN TODAY With his wife and daughters, Pat, nine, and Carol, six.

• He calls himself Father Divine. He also calls himself god—and thousands of his followers believe this to be literally true. He is a man who lives like a millionaire, yet pays no income tax.

THE MAN WHO BANNED 'HELLO'

By Harald M. Harris

WHEN heaven came to Sayville, Long Island, not far from New York city, the neighbours objected. Its exact address was 72, Macon Street, and the householder's name was Major J. Devine. He lived there with his wife, Peninah, and about 20 other coloured people. Ten years later, by the end of the 1920's, there were 40.

With the depression pandemonium came to Sayville. The announcement of banquets every Sunday at 72, Macon Street brought New York's destitute Negroes in their droves. A great feast awaited them—mountains of chiken, ham, beef, vegetables, ice-cream, coffee, chocolate. Everything was free.

After they had satisfied their hunger Major Devine told them he was god. They believed him. Soon he had ninety disciples, all in regular employment, all contributing their entire earnings to the upkeep of god's dwelling.

In 1930 he made his first white converts—some of them wealthy. The Sunday crowds overflowed into the garden, into Macon Street itself, singing, clapping, stamping, in the fervour of their ecstasy. Major Devine, whose real name is George Baker, transformed himself again. He became Father Divine.

Pretty Spy

When the neighbours asked him to leave, he declined. They sent a pretty mulatto spy to find evidence of immorality and, if necessary, to provoke it. Sharing a double bed in the women's dormitory she found that sex was outlawed in heaven. Even Father and Mother Divine led celibate lives, she was told.

Although her mission failed, Father Divine was charged with being a public nuisance. Ignoring protestations by the faithful that the prisoner was god, Judge Lewis J. Smith sentenced him to a year in jail and a fine of \$500. Exactly ten days later Judge Smith died. A message came from Father's prison cell. It was short and dignified. It said simply: "I hated to do it."

The Divine Peace Mission movement had got off to a flying start. But its founder, who was destined for even greater triumphs, had already travelled far.

His own account of his origin ("I was combusted one day in 1900 on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 134th Street in Harlem") is precise, but does not square with the evidence. George Baker was born around 1880 in the Negro poverty of the Deep South.

On His Own

He served his divine apprenticeship with one Father Jovin, who had proclaimed himself the Father Eternal. It was in a Brooklyn flat that he set up on his own account.

There he laid down the principles which his followers (with only a few backsliders) have clung to the letter ever since. He was their only god. They must cast out every other loyalty, including human affection and family attachments. Any sex expression, even between husbands and wives, was a glaring black sin.

Telling his followers that he had come from another world to achieve racial equality, he abolished discrimination by the simple process of not recognising the existence of colour.

Though his own complexion is chocolate brown, Father stoutly maintains that it is not, and employs two photographers who use special techniques to prove his point.

No Debts

He enjoins absolute honesty on his followers. They are never in debt. They do not drink, or smoke, or swear ("Hello" is banned as a greeting, and a disciple has been known to refer to Amsterdam as Amsterdam).

These strange words of fanatic he calls his heavens—a great chain of missions, rooming-houses, apartment houses and hotels—are full of Divine angels. The movement's property in New York, Philadelphia, and Newark alone is worth more than six million dollars.

He lives like a millionaire, but even the devoted efforts of the tax collectors have failed to dis-

prove his statement that he possesses nothing at all. Yet this man who has never paid a cent in income-tax can take his pick from a fleet of Cadillacs; employs 20 secretaries, some white, some coloured, all pretty and highly efficient; maintains luxurious private suites in his heavens; numbers four personal waitresses in his permanent retinue.

Dresses Mother Divine in the Second Body (a blonde Canadian he married six years after the death of his first wife) in pink wraps and minchilla capes.

Case History

Where does the money come from? The movement is organised as a combine of small co-operatives, in which his followers band together and invest their money and their labours. They run hotels, restaurants, laundries, groceries, barber shops, coal businesses. In 1948 they bought a Newark hotel and the purchasing delegation had with them suitcases containing the money; half a million dollars in cash.

Who are these devoted people? You can read the case histories of many in a book just published. They have names like Miss Butcha Love, Mr Wisdom Smiling, Mr Sincere Satisfying, Miss Smile All The While, Miss Sweet Soul. The white angels are mostly social misfits, cranks who have found Father after retracing their spiritual steps from other eccentric cults-sac.

But the coloured followers are in a different category. They are the ones who have been rescued from the agony of existence in a world which had rejected them. To them Father brought escape, life, hope, love.

A Boast

"Hero I sit and there I stand, with everybody lovin', lovin' me," he croons, and this boast at least is not idle one. They express their love in frenzied vibrations of joy and adoration as they scream: "You is beautiful, Father. You is so pretty, Father. Oh, Father Divine, how cute you is."

And Father, who is only five feet tall, squatly built, completely bald, looks complacently in the mirror he keeps on the table and nods in agreement.

In their love for him are sublimated the sex instincts which he has banished from their lives.

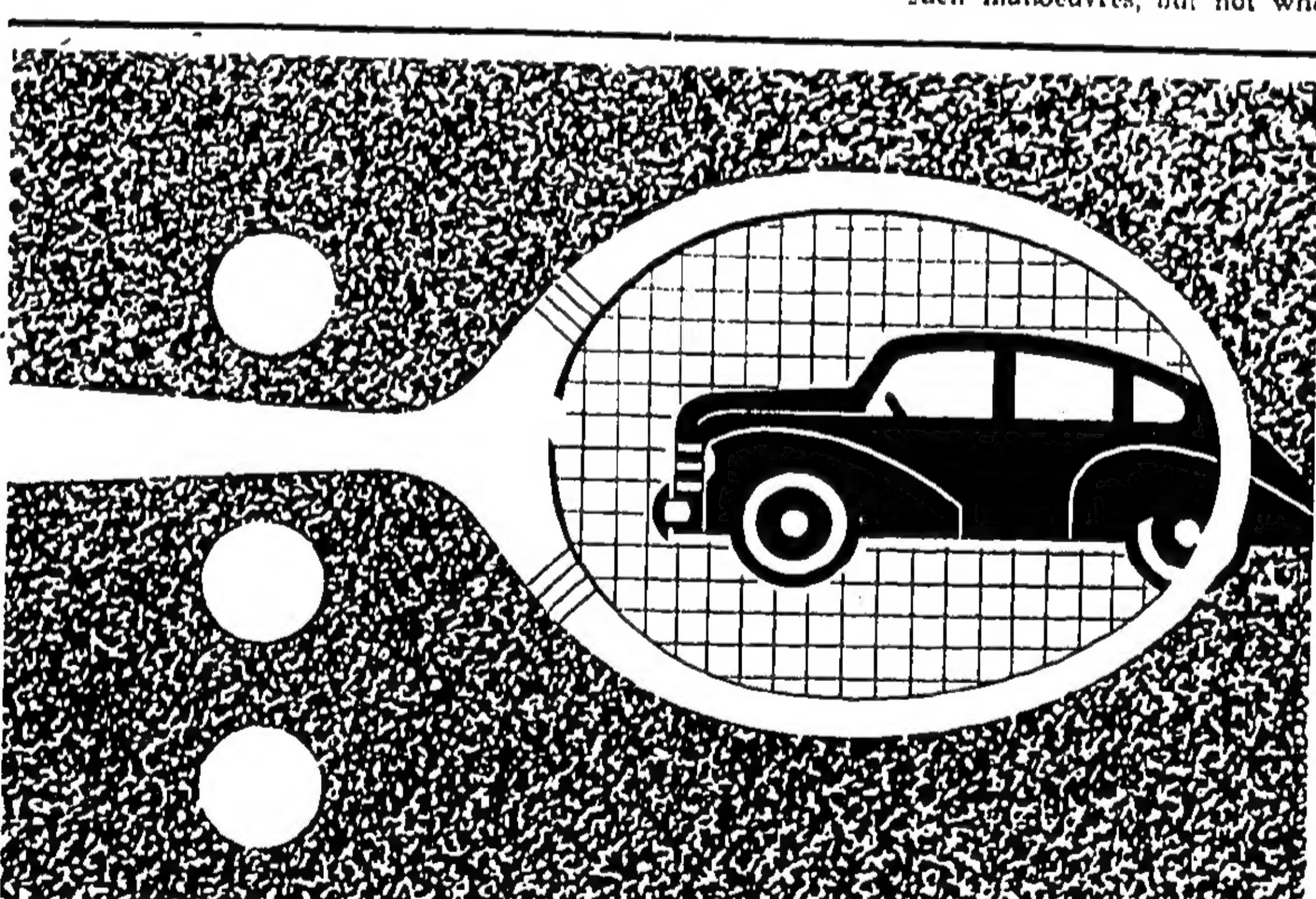
Future generations are quite simply not necessary, for Father has said: "I do not believe in people getting sick and getting old and decrepit." What answer is there to his dogmatic assertion: "My true followers do not die"? If they do die they must have been disloyal. Otherwise they would still be alive.

Therefore, the consequences of Father Divine's own death (and he is already in his seventies) are pitiable to contemplate.

We may laugh at his comical mixture of grandeur and buffoonery, but thousands of his followers believe firmly that life without him—their god, husband, wife, father, mother—is not to be endured.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that many will act tragically, on this belief when time makes a sham of his immortality.

"The Incredible Father Divine," by Sara Harris, Allen, 18s.



While you play...

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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Ask, Listen, and Obey—these words bring back to me, a slim, dark, man, just down from the factory working overtime."

They took a chance, and a chance foredoomed. The Kremlin may have been rocking with the Berlin-Malenkov feud. The local Communists dithered and panicked. But the Soviet Army Command on the spot stood by its principal directive: "Keep the Soviet empire intact." Once the Soviet Army is within the gates, it is the real master—and it knows it. It was through its guns and tanks that Ulbricht regained control over his workers. And the whole world could see it. Communists everywhere breathed again and rejoiced, as long as it is made in Russia.

Now the June rising, and its failure, can be understood only in a wider, more plausible setting. For it forms part of an unfinished story, the story of popular resistance in Communist Europe.

The German troubles were far more serious and widespread than the Communists cared to admit. The reprisals were severe and prolonged; almost a year later they were still in

the crowd. The rising may have made it more difficult for Russia to disown her German puppets as a tactical manoeuvre—if indeed she ever seriously intended to do so. It must have been a warning to the other satellites that bolling point had been reached and that concessions could not be delayed.

But, above all, Berlin gave warning and example to the free world. When Willi Goetling met his executioners on June 18, he symbolised the agony of millions more. For dissidents, for seaporters, for all those who stand up for their rights, the Communist answer is the firing squad. This was the lesson of June 17.

A Warning

What were the results of June 17, 1953? In the short run, the rising may have made it more difficult for Russia to disown her German puppets as a tactical manoeuvre—if indeed she ever seriously intended to do so. It must have been a warning to the other satellites that bolling point had been reached and that concessions could not be delayed.

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CHAPTER SIX OF AN EX-KING'S PERSONAL STORY

THE AXIS PACT: AND I DECIDE TO ACT

By Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia

IT was during our journey to the summer camp at Bled, between Milocer and Split (parts of the Dalmatian coast populated by Croats) that I first heard the people shouting "Long Live Matchek!" as well as "Long Live the King!"

Matchek was then President of the Croatian Peasant Party and leader of the Croat Opposition to the Government.

There were also Croat flags hanging beside the traditional Yugoslav standards when we arrived in Split.

The reception of the population was even warmer than usual but these incidents stood out.

My mother and I left Bled for Tuzla the evening before the fatal day of September 1. Upon our arrival at the station in Belgrade we were informed that World War II had begun.

Two days later England declared war and France followed. My opinion was that we and Rumania should immediately do the same.

It seemed to me that against the overwhelming force of a simultaneous attack by Poland, England, France, Yugoslavia and Rumania, the Germans would not have much of a chance.

dwelt continually on the glories of the Nibelungen, which I was compelled to recite.

Into his praise of the Nibelungen he always worked a little Nazi propaganda. He was the "heroic professor" type. I cannot say that I hated him, but most certainly despised him.

One day I felt so bored with his German propaganda that I decided to take my revenge. I was a 15-minute "terrible" between each lesson. Coffin was revived during these intervals. I had managed to get hold of a very powerful and rapidly effective purgative, and put a dose in Herr Vlado's cup.

After five minutes of reporting Herr Hitler's latest victories, he asked to be excused.

★ ★ ★

AT the end of November my mother went to England. I was quite alone in the palace except for the staff of whom Radenko, my valet, who had come to me on my father's death, was the closest to me.

About this time my uncle, Prince Paul, the Regent, explained to me how both we and the remaining democratic part of the world were in a helpless position.

He said that it was our national duty to maintain and build up our strength while the greater democratic nations were preparing their offensive against Germany. So that we might participate in what I value, in an equal position.

On holiday at Planica, Slovenia, I was very keen to attempt a ski jump. My A.D.C., a colonel, said that it was out of the question. I pestered him a much, however, that he applied to my uncle for permission, though advising him at the same time to withhold it.

I telephoned my uncle directly (thereby upsetting this colonel's plans) telling him that it was not dangerous at all. A complete novice at as far as skiing was concerned, my uncle merely said: "Peter, you can go ahead, you have my permission."

I asked him to repeat this to the colonel, to whom I handed the receiver. The colonel went white with rage, but dared say no more than "I understand, your Highness."

★ ★ ★

THE poor man was deeply shocked. I had stolen a march on him, and for the next three days would not speak to me unless I first spoke to him.

The next day I made three jumps on the training track, the longest of which was 20 metres—the record was 30 metres.

I joined a battalion of mountaineering troops on skis. The next day the commanding officer collected us. He gave me a rucksack, a shovel, binoculars, a white cap to carry, and a miniature Mauser machine-pistol.

Then we set off with skis on our skis for a march of about six miles high up in the mountains. When we halted on the border line of a small forest he asked me to point out how many soldiers I could see from where we were.

After looking around for quite a while I succeeded in seeing two, and pointed them out to him. But there were really 30.

He blew a whistle and soldiers started emerging from the most unexpected places, all wearing white capes.

I was informed that the greatest problem encountered by ski troops was that of hiding their ski tracks.

The formation was the newest and best equipped in our army, and the men had been recruited from the most rugged mountain regions. Though their training was very severe, they enjoyed better general treatment than any other troops in our army.

As we were climbing another bank clouds of smoke appeared from the back end flames began to lick around. We immediately abandoned the tank.

We were all extremely discouraged by this demonstration, but nevertheless were amused by it and by the expression of misery on the tank major's face. About 40 of the 50 tanks which were the mainstay of the Yugoslav Artillery Tank Corps were quite useless.

Herr Vlado Woltz taught me German. He was a Volksdeutscher, an unlettered, violent Nazi with a Hitler-moustache. He insisted on teaching us German grammar down to the last detail and on making us write Gothic characters. He

Early in 1940 the King went for a car drive in the "bandit country" about Negotin.

ONCE my father and mother were driving there, and first their police car got stuck in the mud and, some time later, their own car. My father went to look for help, leaving my mother alone in the car with a revolver.

She had not been there long when a wild-looking man emerged from the bushes near by and asked her fiercely: "Who are you?" She told him that she was the Queen, whereon his attitude changed.

"You must put away your revolver," he said in a kindly way, "and we will do what we can." She told him that the King had gone to get help and the bandit went to find him, first warning her that she must shout at the top of her voice that she was the Queen, so that none of his band would harm her.

He eventually returned with my father, some fellow bandits, and several men, pulled the car to safe ground, and escorted us out of the country.

He explained that they would not harm the King, as they knew that he was a good man. The bandit was one of the henchmen of the notorious chief, Hajdin Babitch, famous for robbing the rich and helping the poor.

It was fortunate that my parents had lost their police car earlier in the afternoon. For had they still been thus protected there would certainly have been a tussle with the bandits.

★ ★ ★

AT Nereznica I saw for the first time the gold mine belonging to my family. This mine had been opened by my father a couple of years before his death, and had only been produced for the first three years, so that it had just paid off the initial capital invested in it. It is of the alluvial type, and gold is washed in the river bed.

On September 6 (my 17th birthday) I got my commission as second Lieutenant, and my uniform was the Air Force one—happily without the Army cuff collar.

On the same day I unveiled the monument to my father in Lubiana. The monument was later torn down by the Italians when they occupied Slovenia. It was their first act of violence there.

On September 20 we visited Slovenia's Pozega, where I saw a parade of heavy artillery, kept here as the frontier was within easy reach.

The majority of the artillery was later captured in mass by the Germans. These heavy, often outdated weapons were no match for the "blitzkrieg."

On September 21 we went up to the northern defence line by car, where we inspected many bunkers and anti-tank defences. I was appalled to hear of the amount of money that had been spent on these fortifications, and very disapprovingly asked General Kosich why the generals had learnt nothing from the fiasco of the Maginot Line, and whether he did not think it would be wiser to spend the money on anti-tank guns, and tank destroyers which are mobile.

"Majesty," he answered, "we who have had so much experience know better about such things than someone as young as you."

Then we set off with skis on our skis for a march of about six miles high up in the mountains. When we halted on the border line of a small forest he asked me to point out how many soldiers I could see from where we were.

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Towards the end of October our company took part in a big manoeuvre.

The whole General staff observed these manoeuvres. I had occasion to meet and talk with this august body, and was duly impressed by their number, size, and age, but certainly not by their knowledge.

Our men were always too heavily equipped. Each man carried his rifle, ammunition, a tent, primus stove, shovel and extra clothing.

After a night's march of a few miles to change position the men used to stagger to their destination completely exhausted.

★ ★ ★

I REMEMBER a conversation I had with a general of the old school as we watched some motorised troops. I remarked enthusiastically that we needed yet more motorisation, and he replied: "Yes, I suppose that motorisation is quite a good thing—but what happens when we run out of gasoline?"

On October 28, 1940, Greece was attacked by Italian troops from Albania. Within a few weeks it was obvious that the heroic little Greek army was well able to hold its own.

Public opinion in Belgrade was violently accusing our Government for its policy of appeasement. Students' demonstrations were taking place, and there was a strong feeling of discontent among the younger officers in the Army.

Hi-humour increased when German troops crossed the Romanian and Bulgarian frontiers. A rumour began to circulate that Hitler was asking for our membership in the Three-Power Pact.

This Pact was concluded by Germany with Italy and Japan on September 27, 1940, and joined in November of the same year by Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

WE hoped that the alarm would not be given until 24 hours after our flight from Belgrade with the tanks.

I was to go to General Headquarters of the garrison at Skopje which, as I already knew, was on our side, contact the general in charge of the district and persuade him to issue orders to all his troops to retreat to the frontier.

We intended then to ask the Greek Government to receive this refugee army of about 20,000 men into the country, and to request our own Government to denounce the signing of the pact by Yugoslavia.

In case of refusal, we were then to join forces with our traditional friends, the Greeks, against our common enemies.

All this was to take place about a week after the signing of the pact, which if the worst came to the worst, we expected at the beginning of April.

On February 14, to everybody's amazement, Prime Minister Tsvetkovitch and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tsistar Markovitch, went to Berchtesgaden, "invited" by Hitler to discuss the future relations of their countries.

On March 26 the Ministers returned and made the official statement that the Three-Power Pact had been signed in Vienna, and that we had officially joined the Axis powers.

The statement implied that there were secret clauses in this agreement which were to our great advantage.

This statement sufficed for me.

I made a few frantic and cryptic telephone calls. My message was that we must act.

NEXT SATURDAY:

Students demonstrate... revolution... The Regent dispossessed... Peter as King



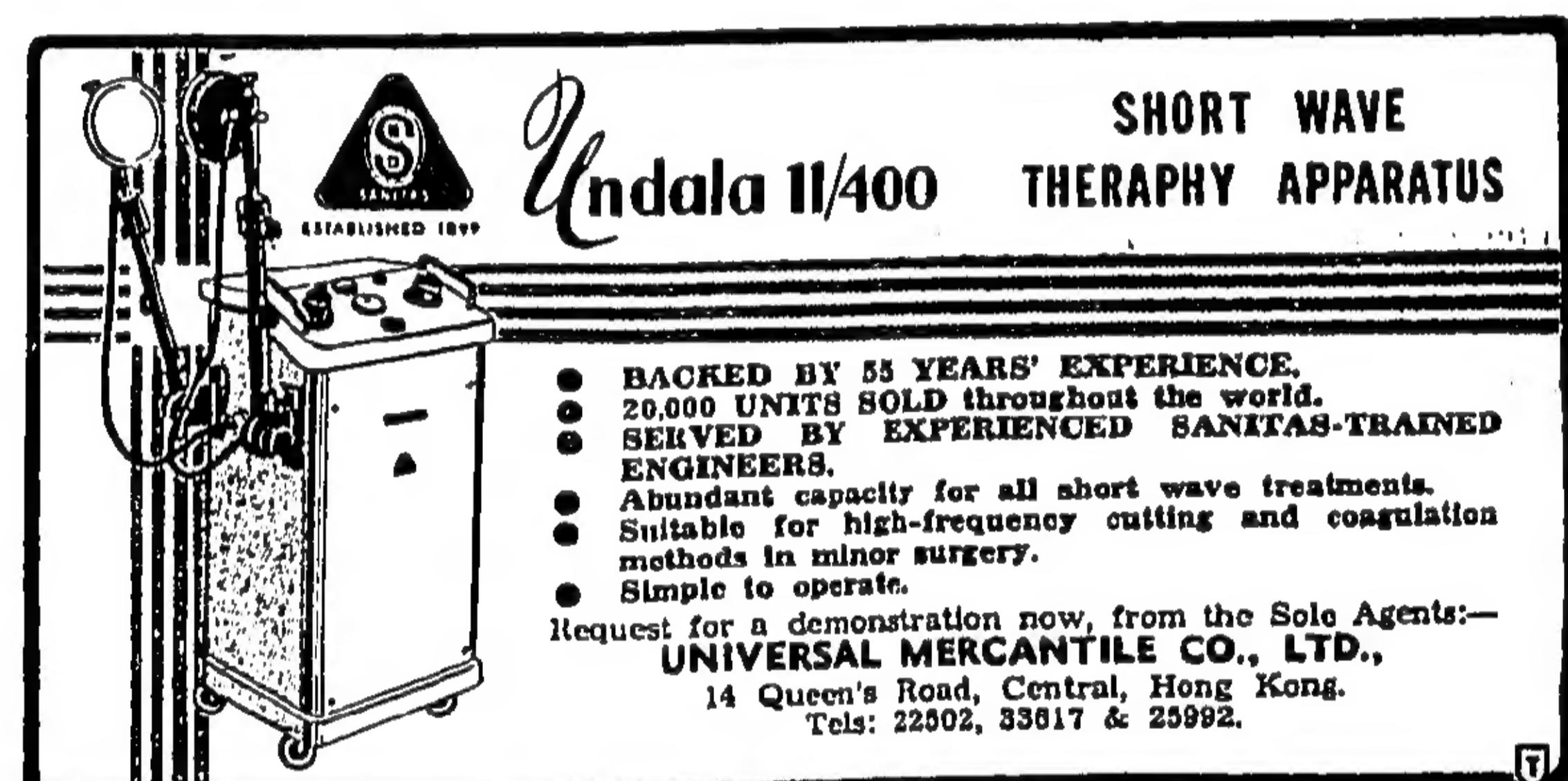
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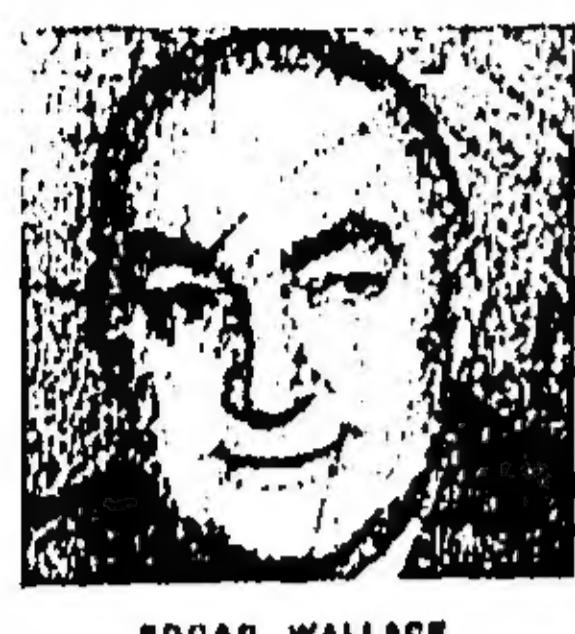
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I AM THE RINGER



**Let me take you inside
the 'Edgar Wallace world' I lived in...**

THE CHINA MAIL has decided to tell—largely in his own terms—the story of a crook. Has William Maurice Williams, owner of the racehorse Francasal and now a prisoner in Wormwood Scrubs, any claim on the attention of intelligent people?

Certainly he has....

BECAUSE HIS STORY lifts the fringe on the whole world of betting which touches millions of people's lives.

BECAUSE HIS STORY provides a precise portrait of a type bred in these days in greater numbers than people think.

BECAUSE HIS STORY provides also—and almost with an Edgar Wallace sense of climax and retribution—the portrait of a conspiracy and the things that can wreck all conspiracies.....

2 p.m. at Bath...all my life had been leading up to this moment...

ILLIONS of words have been written about the race horse Francasal. I am its registered owner. My name is Maurice Williams. I have been sent to prison for two years. No doubt you have read about my crime....

But what court report can ever take you completely

difficult to see through the rain haze. The race had gone 200 yards before he spotted the colours he wanted to see—chocolate and white.

And the jockey wearing those colours was out in front. It looked as though his horse was going to win.

Who can even—describe the feelings of a man when he sees a horse which will win £35,000 ahead of the others, especially when it is the climax of a long betting career?

I know how it feels. Because I was that man. Not only did I buy the horse Francasal, I also owned Santa Amaro, which switched with Francasal.

The whole world now knows that the horse that ran as Francasal was really Santa Amaro.

For I am THE RINGER. Starting out as a jockey for another man, my dog tracks has been my business. If you can call it a business.

★ ★ ★

NOTE: No much for Maurice Williams' confession. But the Francasal case was his first venture in horse-ringing.

When Francasal passed the post it was the high point of his career, a shadow career on the twilight fringe of life. He knew the world where no one works, where no one pays any income tax. It is a world of tight-tipped men who ask no questions.

It is a world where people have their pockets stuffed with flyers and alternately hysterical hope or grey despair in their hearts. It is a world which the

ordinary punter who puts a few shillings on a horse does not understand and will never enter.

The people who live in this unreal, pressure-cooked world are as drugged with dreams as any opium smoker. It is the world of the professional gamblers.

Maurice Williams was one of these. His father, who kept a paint and wallpaper shop in Mulgrave Road, Kentish Town, strongly disapproved of gambling.

He died at the age of 80 a few years ago, luckily not living to see his son become the central figure in the most sensational betting case of the century. For ever since he put his first shilling on a horse at the age of 15 the gambling life had held Maurice Williams in its octopus grip.

For I am THE RINGER. Starting out as a jockey for another man, my dog tracks has been my business. If you can call it a business.

★ ★ ★

And now Williams takes up the story again and tells in his own words of the day that nearly made him rich the day that put him in prison



by MAURICE WILLIAMS

The owner of the racehorse Francasal

I became paralysed with excitement. I did not know whether it was the rain or perspiration, but I felt wet all over.

My horse was ahead by a length. But it looked as though the other horses were not only holding him but gaining.

Then I saw the Jockey Gilchrist show the horse the whip. I thought we were beaten. But he stayed out in front and won by a length and a half.

I remember saying to myself; I have pulled it off. I thought of all the scheming, the plotting, the nerve-racking strain, the doubts—but I had worked.

I quite forgot my anxiety to avoid being recognised by anyone. I am a big man, 6ft, 2ins tall, but I jumped up and down. I literally danced for joy.

People drew away from me a little. They must have thought I was drunk or mad. Perhaps I was a little mad.

Particularly when I glanced at the winner's price. It was 100-9 on the course. And I had

£3,500 to the winner. I had

made a fortune.

What does a man do when

he realises that he has suddenly won so much money which will save him from worry for the rest of his life? Does he

drink champagne, book a suite

in the most expensive hotel?

★ ★ ★

Shared taxi

THIS is what I did. I left the racecourse 10 minutes after Francasal had won the Spa Selling Handicap. I ran across the road in the rain mist to a taxi.

I had to share it. My fellow fare was a short, weather-beaten man who said: "I am soaked through and I have had enough. I did not even have a

a bottle."

I answered: "Nor did I."

It was, in fact, the truth. All the £3,500 had been placed off the course for me by the man I had appointed to manage the commission agent's business I had bought.

I had 40 minutes to wait for the train, so I went into a small cafe and had a cup of tea.

In London I bought an evening paper. Francasal's starting price had been returned at 10-1. The winnings had to be recalculated. But they still reached the sizable figure of £35,000.

While I turned this comforting information round in my head I decided to have a drink. I went into a public house—called, ironically enough, The Running Horse—and read the paper carefully. As I sipped my whisky I noticed a small paragraph which said: "A storm cut communications with Bath Racecourse."

I turned over the paper un-

interestingly. It never occurred to me that this news item might have any significance for me.

A 24 bus took me home. I was there before seven. When my sister gave me two boiled eggs, I said: "I had a fair win today."

This—if my illicit winnings had ever been paid—I realise would rank as the gambling understatement of the century.

Cheap ring

I TOLD no one I was going to Bath. I slipped quietly on to the platform and took a seat in the front of the train. At Bath I caught a bus to the racecourse and bought a ticket for the cheap ring. I think I paid 6s. 6d. for it.

Although I was an owner I did not go to the owners' enclosure.

I stayed in the crowd. With the small-time racegoers in the cheap ring. In the pouring rain.

Suddenly I heard the yell: "They're off!" At first I could not see what was happening. Then I saw my chocolate and white colours out in front.

★ ★ ★

And now Williams takes up the story again and tells in his own words of the day that nearly made him rich the day that put him in prison

Had someone gone to the course to back the horse? Could it be that the bookmakers with whom the bet had been laid had scented a good thing? Had they got on before the wire service broke down?

Then the most chilling thought of all struck me. The thought which is the waking nightmare of all crooked conspirators: "Had I been double-crossed?"

I was soon to know. I read every edition of the evening newspapers as they came out. They were carrying reports that the police and the Jockey Club had been informed. Questions were being asked about Francasal.

But worse news was to follow. The newspapers said that bookmakers might hold up payments on the winner pending an official decision.

Worry, worry



'So I rang up all 18 bookmakers.'

And next day? Well, then it really hit me. Well, then it

Francasal and Santa Amaro were traced by the police and found together. It was established that one had been shot in this country. The other was still wearing the spikes in which he had travelled from France.

All this was a shock to me. I had no idea we had blundered so grossly.

The ignorant owner was told that the horses had been identified because one of them, Santa Amaro, had two white spots on his withers. This was probably caused by saddle rubbing. Francasal did not have these spots.

It was only then I realised what a mug I had been.

When I rang up one of my confederates up again he said

Shared taxi

★ ★ ★

THE HORSES THAT ARE ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

When a photographer went to Epsom last week to take this picture of Francasal and Santa Amaro, "which is which?" was still the question. A policeman said: "That's Francasal."

"No, no," said the groom, "that's Santa Amaro." In the Racing Calendar a Jockey Club statement was published that both horses were "perpetually disqualified," and that Williams, Harry George Kately, Gomer Charles, and Robert Victor Colquhoun Dill had been warned off Newmarket Heath and all other places where the rules of racing are in force." And all bets on the race are void—except cash bets already settled. . .

I decided to telephone the other bookmakers. I can only describe my reception from them as mixed. One or two of them seemed happy enough. But some were exceedingly short with me. One called me a lot of nasty names.

That evening the papers were carrying headlines about me. They asked, "Who is Maurice Williams?" or "Where is Maurice Williams?"

★ ★ ★

Here he is

Maurice Williams went to the cinema to keep out of the way. It was a musical called "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The star was Betty Grable. But even she could not make me see all the film. I left half-way through. I told a friend I needed company.

So I went into a cafe which I use regularly. I was greeted by shouts of "Here comes the big racehorse owner!" Not one of the people in that cafe even thought for a moment that I was really the Maurice Williams the papers were talking about.

At midnight I was unable to sleep. I paced across the Heath to Parliament Hill for an hour and three-quarters and looked down on light-smeared London. I did not sleep well that night.

★ ★ ★

THE CHINA MAIL

There were several descriptions of Maurice Williams, all of them inaccurate except one, I decided the time had come to consult a collector.

Next day an appointment was fixed for Detective Superintendent Spooner and Chief Inspector Hodge to interview me.

I drove to Scotland Yard with my solicitor. The mysterious Maurice Williams had come forward.

NEXT WEEK

How a plot in a Regent Street cafe kept the best brains of the law working for months. . .

★ ★ ★

THE CHINA MAIL

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel



As I sipped my whisky I read the news . . .

★ ★ ★

THE CHINA MAIL

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

★ ★ ★

THE CHINA MAIL

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

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THE CHINA MAIL

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THE CHINA MAIL

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Fashion World's Latest "Hat Trick"

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London. If you're in London and you hear someone say that she is off to the Hat Library, don't imagine that the sun has gone to her head.

For a "Hat Library" has just opened, and it hopes to give women the same sort of service in hats which that well-known firm provides for men in everything from traps to tails. Of course, it's not really a "library" at all, that's just its name.

I recently phoned the library for a few visitors who travel far and can't bring a hat for a vacation, and slim, lively Mrs. Lily Arlen, one of the two partners who run the library, had women here seem just as interested. She added, "It means that they can hire a hat for special engagements. Ascot and garden parties for instance. Instead of spending pounds on buying a model they'll wear only once."

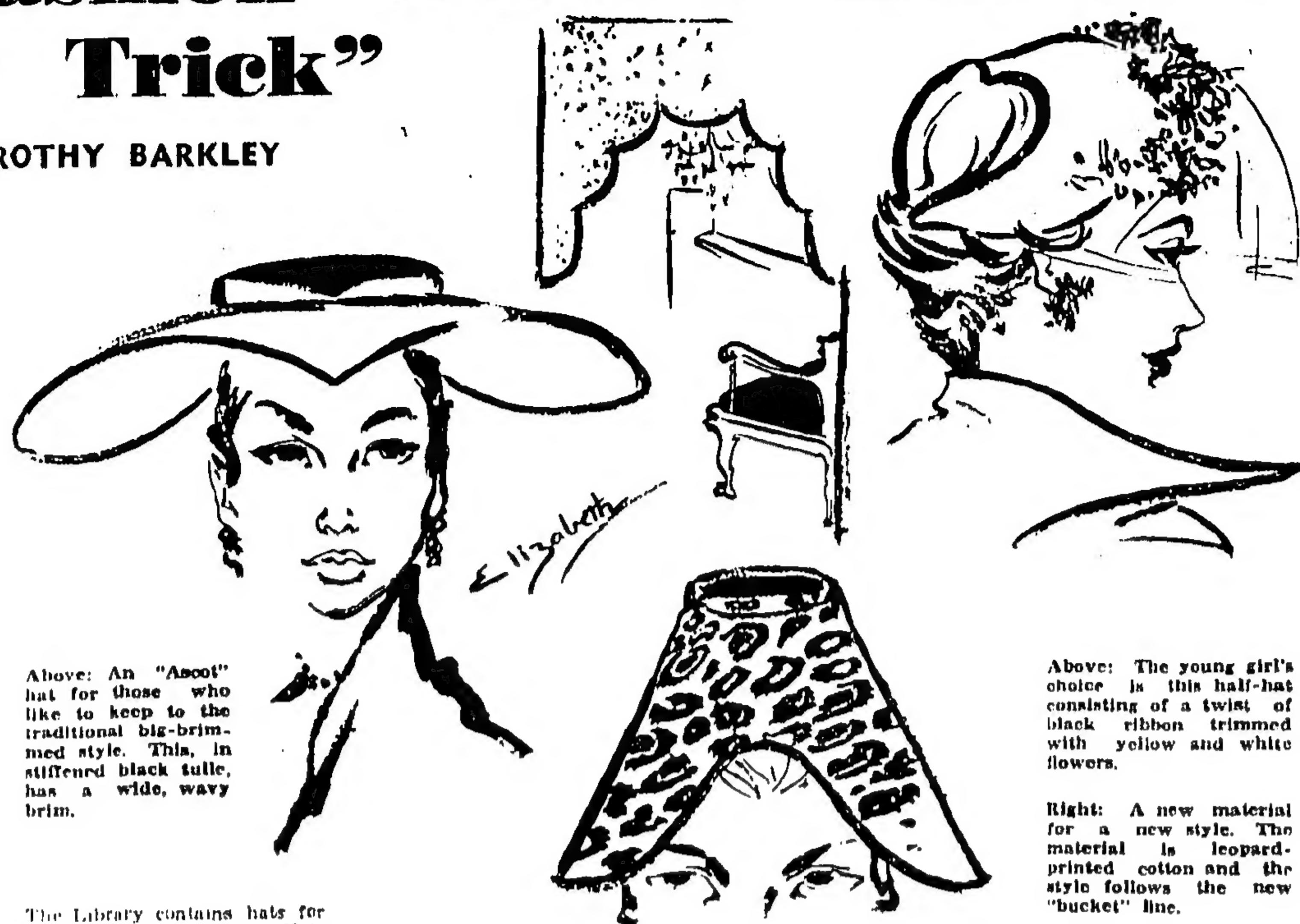
Mrs. Arlen and her partner, raven-haired young Mrs. Esther Jeffries, both know the millinery business inside out. They explained that the library is "just what it sounds like: a lending library of hats. You simply select the one you want, pay a deposit and it's yours for a day."

Here charges vary according to whether the model is a "simple" half-hat or a "bundled-made" Party toque."

"Hats," are given a comfortable seat in front of a large motor in the pink-and-blue shop, a collection of a hundred hats tall catalogued into their various sections to choose from, and a promise from the two "librarians" that there will be no "high-pressure sales talk."

"We don't encourage rush sales," said Mrs. Arlen.

Borrowers can browse around until they find what they want. They can book ahead and reserve a model for a special occasion. There's no duplication—we never book the same hat for the same occasion. So there's no chance of those unfortunate meetings—you know what I mean."



Above: An "Ascot" hat for those who like to keep to the traditional big-brimmed style. This, in stiffened black tulle, has a wide, wavy brim.

The library contains hats for every imaginable occasion. Hats of all colours, shapes and sizes, fashionable models like bucket hats, "safe" styles like head-bugging bonnets, popular models like big-brimmed Ascot hats. Such fabrics as leopard-printed cotton, such old favourites as tacked silk jersey. Sophisticated colours like kingfisher blue, feminine colours like rose pink.

There's even a style for those who don't like wearing hats but must have something to cover their heads if they're going to a wedding, for instance. (See illustration, right, of the half-hat.)

Mrs. Arlen and Mrs. Jeffries have thought of everything—even of a "hat steriliser". When a hat is returned, they put it into a small air-tight cupboard, something like a glass-fronted refrigerator, and turn a knob. The temperature inside rises and the hat absorbs the fumes from the sterilising liquid.

As they "baked" a hat for me, I remarked that I had never seen anything quite like it before.

"I don't suppose you have," they said. "We had this made to our own specification. In the interests of hygiene, you know."

"But don't think our hats smell of disinfectant," they hastened to assure. "The liquid has a faintly aromatic scent, but it's not offensive."

Business ventures, like this one, are always a gamble. They may come off... or they may not. You stake your money and you take your chance.

Well, these two have staked their money and are prepared to take the chance because they think this is just the hat trick women have been waiting for.

"As a group, it seems to me, they demoralise the job hunter. Why do they behave like that?"

Well, in the first place, that is not true of all personnel people, or even of many. But the one cold-blooded person we encounter poisons our thinking about the whole lot. Also, you must remember that, for a while, it was the custom to hire, for personnel jobs, the very scientific, factual person who frequently didn't have much warmth or intuition. Fortunately, that trend is changing now.

In addition, you must remember that the average personnel worker interviews so many, many people in one day that he, or she, being a member of the human race, does get tired, irritated, and sometimes snap-happy. So would you, if you interviewed all those people, with pressures and time limits and conflicting opinions from the top brass.

But, as I said before, the trend is changing for the better. For example, one publishing house in New York has a personnel interviewer named Lorita Lunt, who typifies the new approach to this important field. Mrs. Lunt is a charming, warm-hearted woman with a genuine interest in people which sustains her through an overwhelming number of interviews per week.

"Women are extremists," said Matthews. "And they've tried everything else. The butch is all that's left, because women will never go back to long hair."

Larry Matthews, who runs an all-night beauty shop catering to show people, says the next hair style to be adopted by the American woman will be almost the ultimate in shortness—barely an inch long over the entire head.

"Women are extremists," said Matthews. "And they've tried everything else. The butch is all that's left, because women will never go back to long hair."

"We already are giving a few of the short cuts," said Matthews, whose customers include Zinka Milanov, soprano at the Metropolitan Opera Co., Sunny Gale singer, Julia Darvay, dancer, and Clare Luce, actress.

"By summer," Matthews predicted, "the butch will be everywhere."

"But I don't recommend it for everyone," said Matthews. "Just the same as I wouldn't recommend that Italian-boy cut for every woman."

"The butch is good only for the woman with a slim, small face, and naturally curly hair. You couldn't possibly give a haircut to a woman with a round, full face, or a horrible person, don't resign and go

for a new one."

"You," she answered quickly, "I have been looking at the blue shades of shoe leathers that will go with the Autumn style."

I have been looking at the blue shades of shoe leathers that will go with the Autumn style."

Even the Royal Family have discarded these out-of-date ideas. The Earl of Harrowood picked as his bride Marion Stein, a gentle commoner, who shared his love of music.

MONEY NO BARRIER

Even the Royal Family have

discarded these out-of-date ideas. The Earl of Harrowood

picked as his bride Marion

Stein, a gentle commoner, who

shared his love of music.

Glasses Can Be Flattering

By LADY BOYLE

Do you wear glasses? I do when I go to the cinema, and I look for shapes to suit my face. But I notice that the women who wear glasses all the time always seem to choose frames that are conventional and dull.

It seems such shame when manufacturers really do try and help you. After all, you can wear glasses and look attractive. I remember Marilyn Monroe in the film *How To Marry A Millionaire*. And, nearer home, I nominate Margaret Lockwood as someone who can wear glasses successfully when occasion demands.

The right shape of spectacles can accentuate your good points and minimise your bad ones. The frames can follow the arch of your eyebrows, the curve of a high cheek-bone, or a straight brow.

CREATE AN ILLUSION

"Cat's-eye" frames are ideal for round faces. They give real uplift, and take away inches from the width of the face.

Spectacles can be made without an underneath rim, so that the natural beauty of the eye can still be seen. For the girl with a short nose, a frame set high on the bridge of the nose will give the illusion of length. The reverse shortens a long nose.

There are so many colours and materials to choose from. Black doesn't tie you, and is very chic, but if the frames are too heavy, they make you look owlish.

Light tortoiseshell has a regency elegance, and looks just as smart in town or country. Blue will bring out the colour of your eyes.

Green, tying, but fun on a red-head.

Next time you're changing glasses, be adventurous.

BEAUTY AUTHORITY

These days I am under the spell of Mme. Rose Laird.

Mme. Laird, an erect, youthful 78, was elected one of America's outstanding women of achievement in 1952. An expert on beauty problems, she is a striking example of everything she preaches.

"Beauty never came out of a 'pot,'" she declares. Her approach is from the doctor's point of view, for she started her career with nine years in a skin clinic in Philadelphia.

The basis of beauty is keeping the normal functioning of the body up to the mark, Rose Laird maintains. Contrasting the humiliating problem of adolescence with the all-too-often faded bloom of maturity, she believes that far too many women look old at 40 because they neglected their skins at 14.

Rose Laird uses knuckle massage in her skin treatment. This is the method.

MASSAGE

After cleansing, smooth some cream over your face. Make a loose fist of each hand and, starting with the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat, move up to the chin, under the jawbone, out to the side, down to the hairline. Start again at the base of the throat, work up the chin under the jawline to the ear, and up to the temples.

Knead at the temples for a few moments, then continue to the forehead. Work extra hard around this area of the "frown-line."

Next, place the hands at the chin, and "walk" the knuckles up the expression lines to the corners of your nostrils. Continue under the cheek-bone to the temple and over the forehead. Then place the knuckles at the temples and, with a rotary, kneading motion, continue under the eye towards the bridge of the nose, and over the eye, forming a complete circle.

COTY

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Grandmother Finds Fun, Profit In Jewellery

Durant, Okla.

A CREATIVE mind, a little work can put a woman in business, even if only a small business.

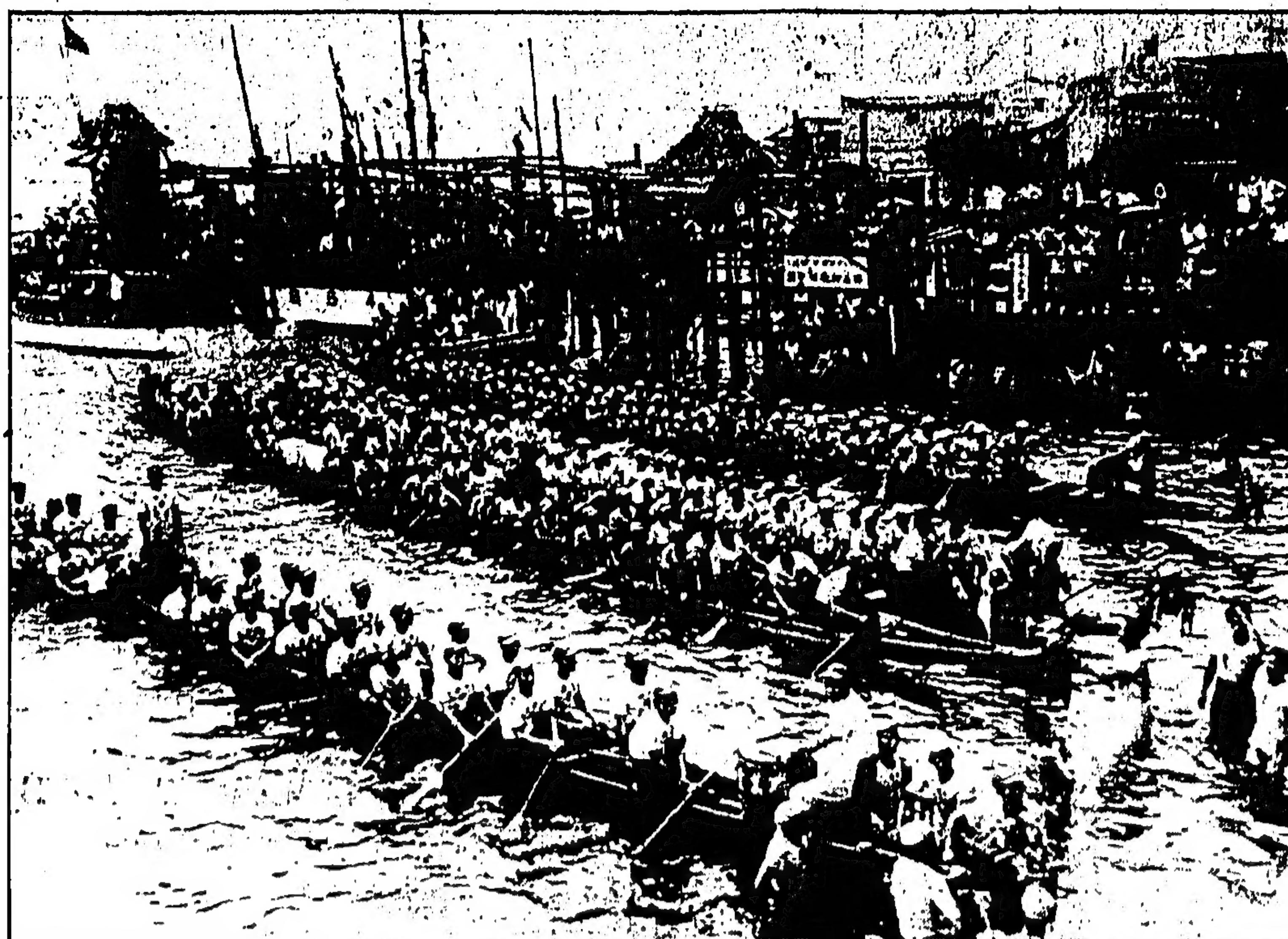
That's the way it is with Mrs. A. B. Rutherford, a 73-year-old grandmother, who makes and sells sea-shell jewellery.

Mrs. Rutherford, who is also a avid fisherman, began her unusual business in 1948 while recovering from a broken arm.

Then, with her daughter in Memphis, Tenn., she saw a sea shell on the shelf and added a small shell hat.

Her work shop is the dining room table, usually covered with hundreds of shells and her tools—tweezers and glue. United

Mrs. Rutherford makes "enough



ABOVE are four of the colourful dragon boats that took part in the Kennedy Town regatta last Saturday on the occasion of the Dragon Boat Festival. Right: A European crew, calling themselves the "Kwai Los," who competed in dragon boat races in Tai Po and came in third. Below: Some of the European rowers who participated, proudly displaying the banners which they won. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT, above: Lady Grantham is seen with the American-Chinese artist, Dong Kingman, at the exhibition of his works at the USIS Library. Striking exhibits were water-colours of New York street scenes. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs A. S. Pudtar at the christening of their baby daughter, Kathleen Rosemary, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colours of the Hongkong Regiment are displayed above replicas of the Crown Jewels at the Centenary exhibition of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, held at St John's Cathedral Hall. Right: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, inspecting photographs of old Volunteers with Col. L. T. Ride, Commandant of the Force, and Major J. C. M. Grantham, who organised the exhibition. (Staff Photographer)



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DAVID WRIGHT, of the 12th Kowloon Troop, Boy Scouts, showing old stamps to prospective customers at the Troop's Whitsun Fair, held at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

SPACE...
There is plenty
of it in the
1954 range
of **PHILCO**
refrigerators.

See them at
GILMANS
Gloucester Arcade
238 Nathan Road.



MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, who opened the Community Handicraft Fair at the Hongkong Hotel on Wednesday, inspecting the exhibits with Mrs R. T. Eng and Mr Lee Man-keo. (Staff Photographer)



MR William Holden, the Hollywood screen star, entertained to lunch at the Parisian Grill by local film executives. On Mr Holden's left are Mrs Harry Odell and Mr Chang Kwai-lin. (Staff Photographer)



MR Lam Chi-fung, Chairman of the United Hongkong Christian Baptist Church Association, laying the foundation stone of the new Aberdeen Baptist Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham conversing with the Consul for Portugal and Senhora Guilherme de Castilho at the Portuguese National Day reception held at the Club Lusitano on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



CANDIDATES presented for Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church last Sunday. From left: Raymond Yap, Patricia Harding, Ann Kennedy, Anna Sargent, Brian Kennedy. (Staff Photographer)



MRS M. W. Turner, wife of the Chairman of the Victoria Recreation Club, presenting a prize at the conclusion of last Saturday's regatta which marked the opening of the new clubhouse at Deep Water Bay. Receiving a prize is Mr D. P. Smith. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Members of the Hongkong Art Club who attended a social held in the studio of Mr Lee Byng, who is standing second from right in the back row. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral of Elizabeth Joan, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. J. Spradberry. (Ming Yuen)

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MR Manuel Maria de Oliveira Sárrazola and his bride, formerly Miss Georgina Agnes da Luz, leaving the Rotary Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Luis Carlos de Oliveira, Attaché of the Brazilian Consulate-General, and Miss Thelma Natalie de Oliveira Sales, whose wedding took place at St Teresa's Church last week. (Staff Photographer)

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in plain colours and the very newest checks; open all down or with closed fronts. All of these with short sleeves in several weights. Also a superfine quality with long sleeves suitable for office, white only.

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Athletic vests or short sleeved ones; trunks with elastic waist.

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New stocks just arrived:
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ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF
that brings new hope to millions for
Lifetime Protection Against Tooth Decay!



Actual use by hundreds of people has proved the long-lasting protection of New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Tests supervised by leading dental authorities—for a full year—proved this protection won't rinse off, won't wear off! Proved just today morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!

New Colgate Dental Cream is the greatest scientific achievement in toothpaste history—the only toothpaste in the world with clinical proof that brings new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection against tooth decay!

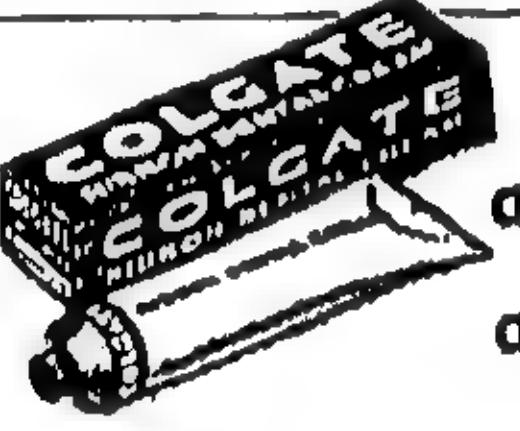
For only New Colgate's contains Colgate's new miracle ingredient, Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. So, New Colgate Dental Cream—used just morning and

night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

Actual use, by hundreds of people, showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay ever reported in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

Yes, clinical and laboratory tests both prove it! New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, used regularly and exclusively, offers new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection against tooth decay!

A JURY OF DISTINGUISHED DENTISTS HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE! Documented facts, recently published in an authoritative dental journal, have convinced these dentists that Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is far more effective against decay-causing enzymes than any other toothpaste. And because Gardol is only long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient with clinical proof, these dental authorities agree that New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste.



*Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

No Other Toothpaste Offers Proof of Such Results!

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Specialized chapters on Invalid cooking, Chinese cooking, old-time recipes, slimming diets and etiquette.

Ten full-colour plates, more than 70 other illustrations.

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HONGKONG AND KOWLOON

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Do It Yourself —Safely

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

As a hobby, an expression of creative urge, and a means of having a better home, the home workshop is a growing phenomenon in modern life. Power tools have added hazards, and so the new watchword is safety.

The first requirement is proper space, good lighting (both day and night), and good order. Littered floors, with wood scraps or metal chips, and oil on the floor favour slipping. Metal chips or curls may cut through shoes. Storing materials, especially in overhead racks, should always be done carefully with danger of falling in mind. Tools should be hung securely, and not where they can fall on hands—or feet. Careless accumulation of tools on bench or table while working may result in foot injuries from tools dislodged by accident.

Jobs which require that material be held still should be done properly with vice or clamps, not merely by bracing or holding the work insecurely, thus favouring a tool slip or similar accident. Tools should be used for the purposes for which they were made, not only to protect the tool, but to safeguard the worker. Broken tools or those with loose handles or parts should be repaired. Hands and tools should be clean and free from oil or grease.

Follow Instructions

Wear goggles when using any grinding tools, even if the tool is shielded; goggles when using a lathe are a good idea, too, since flying chips of any description can injure eyes.

When "cleaning up" bench or floor, use a brush—never the hands or a handful of waste, unless you want chips and shavings in your fingers.

Use power tools according to instructions. Where there are guards, it is elementary good sense to use them. A few pertinent suggestions are offered by the National Safety Council in America about starting and stopping such machinery safely, and using it properly. Foot pedals for starting and stopping machinery should be guarded against being stepped on unintentionally—where there are

starters buttons as well as foot pedals, use the button only to start, and the foot pedal only to stop the machine. Sudden starts or stops, especially for band saws and jigsaws, may break blades. So may use of cracked saw blades. Material to be saved should be inspected for nails or other metal which might break saw teeth and cause them to fly out and injure the operator. Stopping saws by "braking" against them with blocks of wood is poor practice.

Watch Your Hands

Circular saws are more dangerous than band saws because of the danger of kickbacks. They should be guarded both above and below. Never stand in line with the saw when riping, in case of kickbacks. A special kickback apron is a good protection against possible abdominal injuries. Keep the hands out of line with the saw. Do not cut extremely short or narrow work with it. Keep a good balance so that if the work "gives" you will not slip into the saw. Do not reach around the saw while it is in motion. Use a pusher stick and not the hands when working on short or narrow material.

If the workshop is in a garage or out-building not heated by central heat, there may be danger of fire in cold weather when oil or other space heaters are used. Chips, shavings, sawdust, or oil accumulations enhance this risk. Oily rags or waste are worst of all—they should be banished, or placed immediately in a tightly covered metal tin. Otherwise, there may be spontaneous combustion. Old paint is a fire hazard, too. Quick-drying paints, paint removers, and some waxes and polishes have solvents which may be flammable or explosive; they should be kept away from open flames. Heed the warnings on the packages.

Electrical wiring should be installed in accordance with building code requirements, properly fused. Extension cords should be at a minimum, and used should be in good condition and out of the way of possible short circuit or other interference.

The money saved, the recreation enjoyed, and the products turned out in the home workshop should not be spoiled by needless accidents.

To make moving easier—

Take These Tips From Experts

EVEN with plenty of help, moving is not an easy undertaking and requires planning and organization as far ahead as possible.

A well-known firm of movers has given some very helpful hints which we are passing on to you.

For instance, we are advised to put one packing case aside for immediate necessities to be used on arrival in the new home. If you don't do this, you may have to waste time frantically opening case after case. In this one case, place bed linens, blankets, towels, washcloths, soap, toothbrushes, brush and comb, a supply of electric light bulbs, coffee pot, enough flatware, China and glassware for the first meal, and a few essential articles of clothing.

SAGE ADVICE

Set aside jewelry, currency and documents to be carried personally. This is important, for neither the mover nor his insurance underwriters are responsible for valuables left in drawers. A great deal of packing and unpacking can be

saved by leaving the contents in dresser and bureau drawers. Do this by fastening the drawers to the cabinet at each end with two strips of tape. In addition, run a strip of tape along each drawer opening. Do not, of course, overload drawers with extra heavy objects.

If you haven't contracted for professional packers, ask the moving man to supply you with as many huge packing cases and barrels as needed and have on hand a plentiful supply of newspapers and tissue paper to wrap all breakables singly. Start saving up newspapers long ahead of time. Do not pack too tightly in barrel or box. Do cushion all breakables with wads of paper.

Cushions and blankets in the bottom make good shock absorbers in boxes that contain breakables. Tuck wads of paper in corners to keep contents from shifting. Fasten the tops on covered dishes and sugar bowls with transparent tape. Pack similar objects in one case. Glassware, china, silver and vases might all go in a large box, each category in its own small container. Same goes for kitchen utensils, pots and pans and lamp shades and bases. Pack kitchen supplies such as tea, coffee, sugar, flour, rice, spices and other small staples in cooking utensils and then wrap with paper. This saves space.

IDENTIFY PACKAGES. Identify contents in a general way and tape labels to each packing case or box. Also make "fragile" labels for breakables. If you have six or more rooms of furniture, plan to move as early in the morning as possible, which will save on overtime charges. Have everything ready when the movers arrive. Place books in wooden boxes or tie in neat bundles. Notify all connected with your move as early ahead as possible—utilities, milkman, laundry, post office, newspaper, magazines, schools and other interested parties.

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* Special Purpose Plans *



DESIGNED FOR A SLOPING STREET, the Bryant living and sleeping areas are built over a garage, where the land falls away. A retaining wall separates the garage from the high ground at the entrance.

By Joan O'Sullivan

TODAY'S homes are special-purpose plans designed for two different types of plot.

The Gary is planned for the narrow lots frequently encountered in towns and cities where land is at a premium. The entire width of the home is 25 feet, 8 inches. Nevertheless, rooms are spacious and far from small.

Generous Proportions

The living room occupies 18 feet of the width—generous proportions, indeed. From the front window wall to the dining end of the area, there is over 22 feet.

The kitchen, a comfortably-sized square, isn't big, but it's not small, either. Fourteen feet is taken over with wall cabinets, a broom closet and a breakfast nook. From this room, it's just a step to the dining room, back door, cellar stairs or front entry.

There are three bedrooms—two at the back of the house, one at the side. The master bedroom has a private lavatory and a large wardrobe.

The home comprises 1,220 square feet.

For A Sloping Street

The other design featured, the Bryant, is ideal for a sloping street. The house sits over a garage where the land falls away. A stone retaining wall separates the house from the high ground at the entry.

Sleeping quarters run along the left side of the home. Each of the three bedrooms has a sliding door closet that measures about four feet, nine inches. The master bedroom has two of these.

In addition, storage space can be found in a guest closet, a linen closet and a large family closet in the centre hallway.

The right side of the house contains living and work areas.

Start at the entry and you step into a 24-foot living-dining room. It's the wonderful kind of a room that makes decorating a delight.

A Small Dining Nook

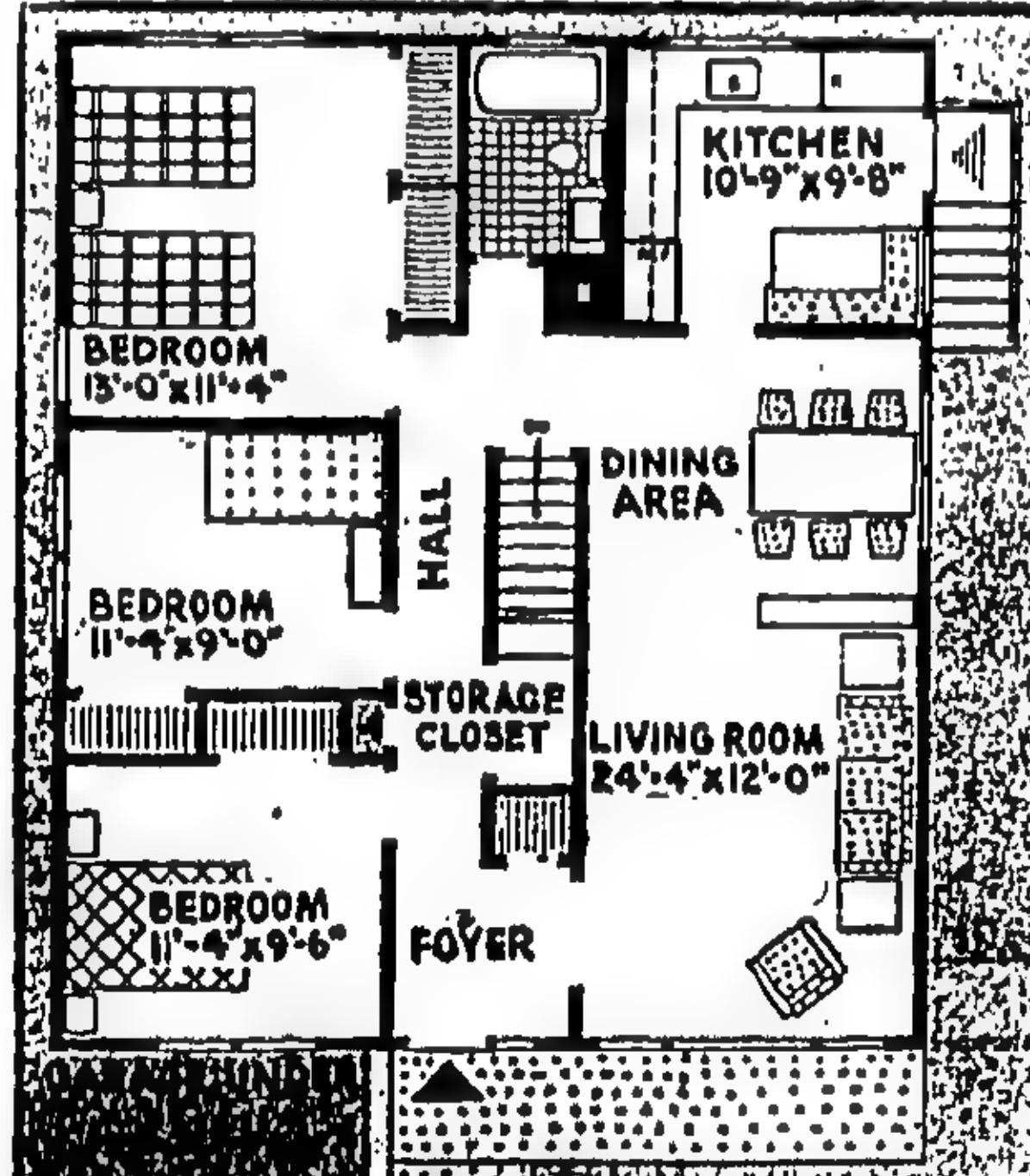
Walk past the dining room and you're in the kitchen, with its small dining nook and rear entry.

The bath is centred, at the back of the house, between sleeping and work sections.

This plan comprises 1,080 square feet.

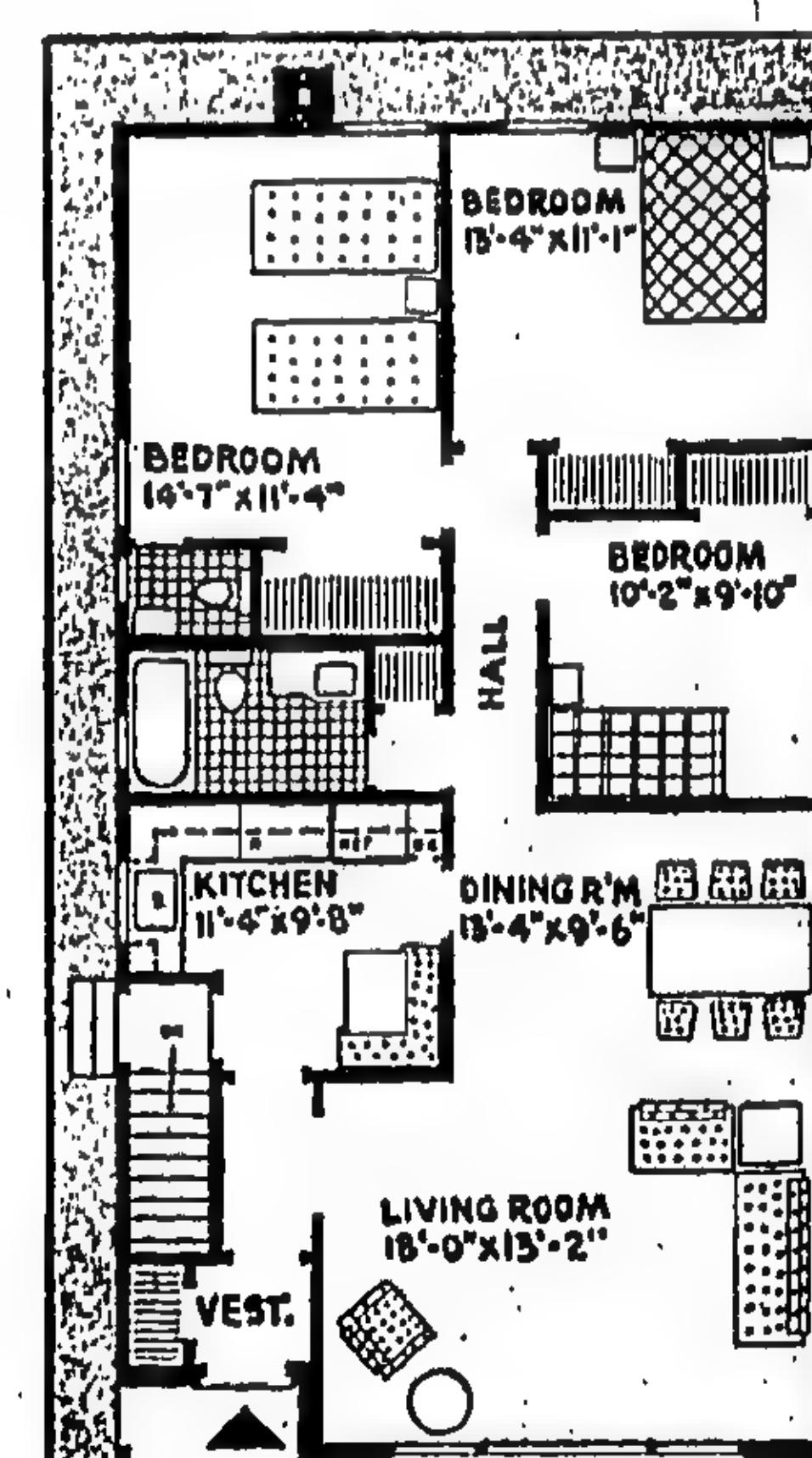


HERE'S A HOME that provides the attractive solution to the problem of building a house on a narrow lot. The Gary's width is just 25 feet, 8 inches. It's a decorative frame house with a sheltered entry.



SLEEPING QUARTERS run along the left side of the Bryant. Living room, dining area and kitchen are on the right side of the house. The kitchen has a dining nook.

DESPITE THE FACT that the Gary is a narrow house, the living area is spacious. It's 18 feet wide and over 22 feet in length, as you can see from the floor plan at right.



Four Delicious Dinner Courses

By Alice Denhoff

RECIPE starter today is about 5 min. Strain through cheese cloth.

Fish chops cooked with sweet potatoes and pineapple are a really delectable dish.

To serve 6, place 4 lbs. shortening in a skillet. Add and brown 6 thick pork chops, season with salt and pepper. Cover.

Put 3 large sweet potatoes cut in halves, and rub with lemon juice. Add 6 slices pineapple. Wash and remove pits from 6 large prunes and insert a clove in each prune. Add prunes and pour over one c. pineapple juice. Cook, covered, at high heat, and when sweet potatoes are tender, turn to low heat and cook for 45 minutes.

For a good, fiery, mouth-watering dinner, Orange Marmalade Pudding might be the answer.

To serve 6, strain 1/2 c. orange juice and 1/2 c. orange marmalade. Add 1/2 c. butter and 1/2 c. sugar. Add

strips of bacon placed lengthwise in the bottom of the pan.

When bacon is browned, add

strips of bacon placed lengthwise in the bottom of the pan.

Hardened bacon can be softened by adding a few drops of vinegar to the marmalade.

Household Hints

Strips of bacon placed length-

wise in the bottom of the pan

will prevent a meat loaf from

sticking and also will add

flavour to the meat.

Hardened bacon can be soft-

ened by adding a few drops of

vinegar to the marmalade.



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

SNAILS IN THE NEWS Snails make news in Italy, where thousands of them are being packed into baskets and shipped off to France. Strangely, there is a snail shortage in France.

No one in Italy would have known about it if Italians visiting France recently had not asked for the proverbial French snails only to be told that the snails weren't. Now, advertisements appear in local Italian newspapers addressed to the unemployed: "If you want work, collect snails. We buy snails!"

Thousands of unemployed now snail hunting and receive

threepence halfpenny a pound. Average length of a snail is one inch. Five snails to the ounce.

AND THE BRIDES CRIED Three brides and their bridegrooms shattered their wedding ceremony in Delhi recently with tears and howls.

The reason? All six were brides.

The grooms were aged 18 months, two years, and four years; the brides two, three, and five.

After the ceremony, their parents fainted while the children blissfully unaware of their married state, slept.

THE USUAL CELEBRATION South Africa's oldest woman, 113-year-old Mrs. Mary Karen, celebrated her birthday last week. She stayed in bed -- because the weather was cold.

But the celebration took its usual form. A tot of brandy before breakfast, a whisky before lunch and another whisky before dinner.

IMMIGRANT MINISTER Abdel Salam Boussetta, Libya's new Foreign Minister, is a Turk -- and two weeks ago, he was working for the Turkish foreign office.

It all happened when he accepted King Soudou's invitation to visit the country. Abdel liked it so much that he decided he would like to stay. The King liked him so much that he offered him a job.

LONDON'S POLICE Britons are long used to hearing from overseas visitors that their policemen are wonderful. Last week came a surprise.

London's policemen must become still more wonderful, ordered Commissioner Sir John Nott-Bower in confidential instructions circulated to all Metropolitan stations.

Sir John, in fact, had become "very perturbed" by the increased number of complaints from the public about inefficiency.

And he urged London's wonderful policemen not to use "sarcastic, dogmatic or rude" language when addressing members of the public. He warned, especially, against "ballyhooing methods of talk" and requested more "tact and diplomacy" when dealing with both crowds and individuals.

Tact and diplomacy, he said, was what produced results, and not sarcastic comments or stolid aspersions. The line of "you'd better obey, or else . . ." is definitely OUT.

Just to ensure that his subordinates took them to heart, Sir John ordered that his instructions be read to every man and woman in the Force. And senior officers must sign a declaration that every police officer in their command has not only read or heard them -- but understood them.

BIGGEST DEMAND is in the Industrial Midlands. Birmingham and the surrounding district has 40,770 vacancies, 12,601 unemployed. Nottingham area has 30,000 vacancies, only 8,670 unemployed. London and South Eastern Region have 84,191 vacancies and 61,832 out of work.

ONE REASON for the unemployment figures is the reluctance of workers to move house and home to a district where they would be needed.

ANOTHER REASON is the increasing demand for trained men. It's no use applying unless you have a tradesman's skill.

THE REAL THING For the first time in centuries, visitors to Milan can now see "The Last Supper" the way Leonardo Da Vinci painted it.

Paint, an eighth of an inch thick, has been removed by white-haired restoration expert Mauro Pellicelli. The superimposed paint was the work of scores of "retouch" men, some of whom didn't seem to share Da Vinci's artistic taste.

NOW DRIED MEAT After four years of research, New Zealand government scientists have come up with a way to dehydrate meat -- and make it as like meat again when it arrives on the table.

Whole cuts of meat can be reduced to bolts that one man carrying ship could, if the need arose, do the work now done by 12.

A GOOD YARN ... Canadian Public Works Minister Robert Winters had a yarn for the Portuguese when he got through signing a numerical agreement here in Lisbon.

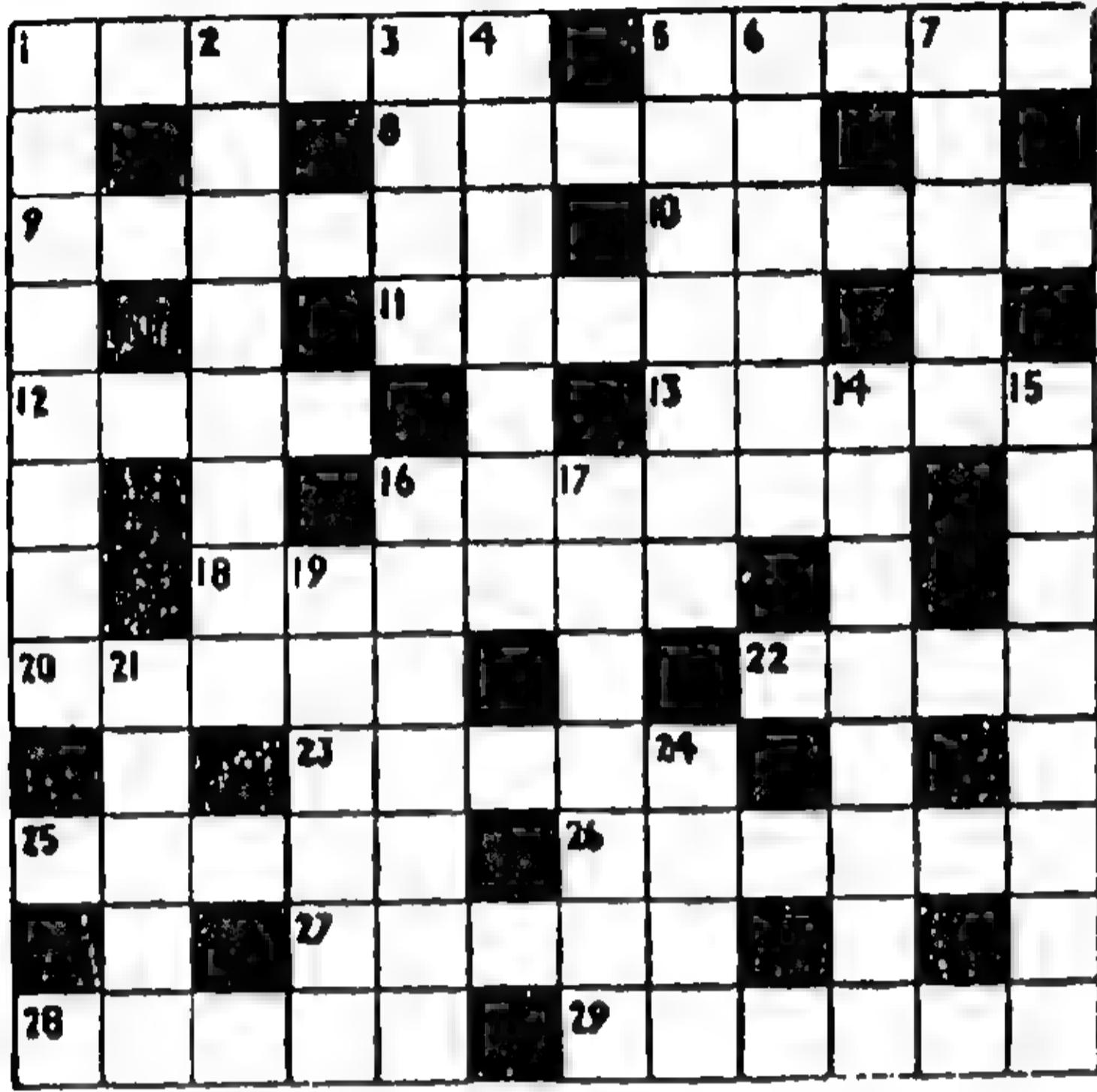
This, he said, was how Canada got its name: One bright day, a Portuguese boat anchored off Canada's east coast.

One mate looked at another and said "Ca nada." The expression in Portuguese means "there is nothing here."

But, added Mr. Winters, "we've got lots of things now."

CHINS There will be nothing to fear in the future. Danish physician Erik Jacobsen has invented a drug which removes all fear. He is serious. He will leave this week for New York to negotiate world marketing.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Firearm (10)
- 5 Went wrong (5)
- 8 It's there (5)
- 9 Flow (6)
- 10 Attenuate (5)
- 11 Regain (6)
- 12 Naked (4)
- 13 Trifle (5)
- 16 Whirls (6)
- 18 Burdened (10)
- 20 Badge (5)
- 22 Applaud (4)
- 23 Inclines (6)
- 25 Standard instrument (5)
- 27 Finished (5)
- 28 Noblemen (5)
- 29 Fees (6)

SATURDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Silver, Sacks 8 Vent, 9 Gossip, 11 Annual, 12 Talent, 14 Fort, 10 Taste, 18 Alone, 19 Gens, 20 Unrest, 21 Chill, 25 Average, 26 Tote, 27 Eases, 28 Enamel. Down: 1 Sags, 2 List, 3 Evil, 4 Repeat, 5 Statute, 6 Confess, 7 Sallies, 10 Sation, 11 Maniac, 14 Forbids, 15 Results, 17 Amuse, 19 Gylate, 21 Even, 22 Trim, 23 Fell.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

It's About Time

THE NEW BOOKS

The Day That Work Caught Up With The 'Bar-Room Shaw'

By GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

THE INCREDIBLE MIZNERS. By Alva Johnston. Hart-Davis. 12s. 6. 271 pages.

SOMETIMES in 1927, his spirit broken at last, Wilson Mizner surrendered to work.

Behind him stretched a life on which the coloured lamps of misadventure and misdemeanour danced. He had experienced many things: prison, marriage, hunger, success, drug-addiction. Work had not been among them.

In a black hour, in 1907, divorced by the elderly multi-millionaires with whom he had obviously united his life, he had for a few days taken charge of 200 carts that were removing debris after the San Francisco earthquake.

When news of this downfall reached the public prints, Wilson quipped, "Why should I work? I've committed no crime."

In the shipwreck of his marital hope, he was a sensitive man. His wife, widow of a traction king, not only drank to point when he declared she was "embarrassed," but was pathologically close-lipped.

One mate looked at another and said "Ca nada." The expression in Portuguese means "there is nothing here."

But, added Mr. Winters, "we've got lots of things now."

ADMIRERS said afterwards: "Mizner could make a pair of scrodes do anything."

Returning from Alaska to his dedicated life as America's champion wastrel and bar-room Bernard Shaw Wilson managed a "theatrical" hotel in New York, managed a prize-fighter, collaborated in writing plays with a fellow-author who performed the soul-destroying Provençal.

formalities on the typewriter, was a confidence man, a card-sharper—"You win, stranger," he said to a chance opponent, "but those are not the cards I dealt you"; a smoker of opium, a sufferer of cocaine.

to see something of mine in print except my thumbs."

Among the sage aphorisms was, "Be nice to people on your way up because you'll need 'em on your way down."

It was not until the boom of the mid-twenties that Wilson Mizner really started on the way up in collaboration with his brother Addison Mizner, who was practising as a slapstick architect one jump ahead of the bailiffs.

In the stampede of America's new rich to Florida, Addison made a fortune selling real-estate and building palaces. His motto: "This people can't stand the sight of anything that doesn't cost a lot of money." Brother Wilson kindly helped with the finance.

This was the climax of the undeviating Mizner saga which Alva Johnston tells untidily but with wit and gusto. In the inexorable crash, Addison was ruined; Wilson went to write scripts in Hollywood.

TRUFFLE TROVE

By Milton Shulman

Blue Trout and Black Truffles (Gollancz, 16s.) is a light-hearted record of Mr. Wechsberg's gastronomic pilgrimages. It might well be described as a grand tour through the alimentary canal.

Here is a world of such temperament and sensitivity as to make opera singers seem conventional comedies by comparison.

A restaurateur refuses a table to a woman who smoked before the dessert; a ship's cook makes his best dishes on the roughest days to spite his snobbish passengers; violent arguments rage over whether beer should be poured gently into a slightly tilted glass or quickly from high above; a Belgian eating club prohibits all talk during dinner so that members can truly appreciate the food.

Sometimes, one feels, Mr. Wechsberg is overdoing it. Thus he describes a wine expert face to face with a bottle of 1797 Bordeaux: "His head was slightly bent in deference. If he'd worn a beret it would have taken it off."

Wine-making is a nerve-racking profession. Constant fretting about it has an odd effect on those involved. They begin to think of the wine as a woman—nervous, moody, unpredictable. "He's in constant conversation with the wine," says someone, pointing to a cellar-master.

Puzzled by the black spots in *je ne sais*, Mr. Wechsberg travelled to Périgueux to clear up the mystery. He knew they were created by truffles, but what were truffles? Mushrooms? Potatoes? Coloured carrots?

It seems they are just truffles. They grow apparently without roots under the ground near oak trees. They are hunted out by talented pigs with a fine nose for their peculiar scent.

The *je ne sais* which they decorate has a less appetising history. It comes from the livers of geese that have been forcibly fed by stuffing maize down their throats. After six weeks they become so fat they can't move, and if they are not killed they will suffocate.

Most of Mr. Wechsberg's lascivious recipes are hardly practicable for a limited budget. One requires the covering of truffles with dry champagne and another needs 50 pounds of sole which has to be simmered over a slow fire until it is reduced to one pound of reddish, jamlike glace.

Others are so complicated that even Mr. Wechsberg does not ask how they are done. It would be like attempting to play the cello by watching Pablo Casals," he sighs.

If you want to be recognised as an epicure, this book offers some valuable tips. Never hold a champagne glass by the stem, only by the forefinger and thumb at the bottom; thumb up, said is the enemy of wine and they should never be taken together; eat your food as soon as it arrives and do not wait for others to begin; don't wear too much perfume since it is distracting; and a good meal needs lots of time.

But perhaps the sagest comment in the book comes from a Hungarian chef: "It is difficult to make something good out of second-class materials," he said, "but it is quite easy to spoil the first-class ones."

That may be why in his many wanderings to find material for his disarmingly self-conscious book, Mr. Wechsberg never once found it necessary to come to England.



Basketball Has Rocketed High As A Popular Sport In The Army

By ARCHIE QUICK

Basketball has rocketed high into the popularity class in the British Army. The American troops brought their national game with them and it has stayed chiefly because it requires a minimum of equipment and no elaborate pitch is required, indoors or out.

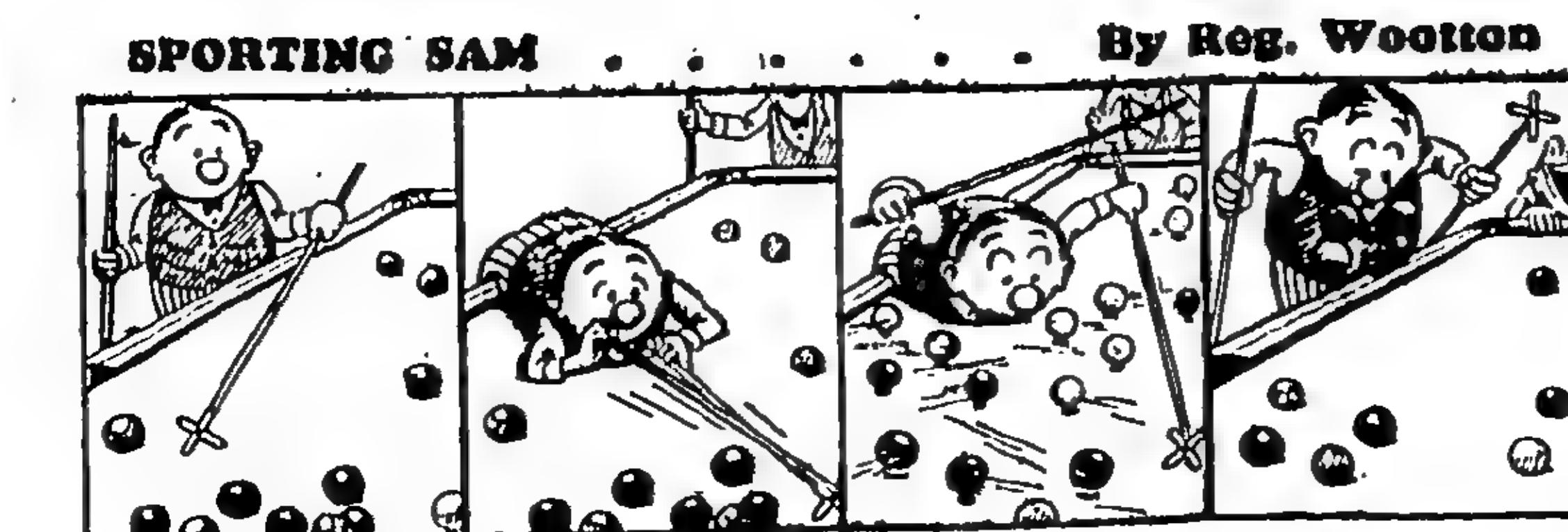
It is a surprising fact that the Army Basketball Association has 1,000 clubs and this season's Cup competition attracted 150 final entries. That is a high figure considering the number of units overseas.

Practically every Regimental club in the Services is from real life.

Capt. Cooper also said that when it was decided to hold a tournament at Aldershot the response was so great that many clubs will have to wait for a second course to be arranged.

The full Army side has already this season twice beaten the RAF in Wales and at Aldershot and both matches were thought to be of sufficient importance by the BBC to be televised.

Great looks of thought basketball has taken its place between Soccer and Field Hockey as the third most popular game in the Army. For that I suppose I shall be shipped down by the darts players! Or maybe by those who take their snooker seriously.



SELECTION OF COLONY BOWLERS FOR VANCOUVER WAS NO EASY TASK

By "TOUCHER"

Congratulations to the five lawn bowlers — Eric Liddell, Alfred Coates, Robert Gourlay, Raoul Luz and Joe Luz—who have been selected to represent Hongkong in the Empire Games lawn bowls competitions at Vancouver.

To these may be added our best wishes that they will be able to hold high Hongkong's flag both on the green and off it.

This selection of the final five representatives has not been an easy task for the Selection Committee, and their final choice has generally been well received by the Colony's law bowls fraternity.

The exact date when the team will leave Hongkong will depend at a meeting of the Federation on June 22, and it is expected to be some time near the end of July. The team will be away for three weeks, during which time they will take part in the Single, Pairs and Rinks Championships at Vancouver.

Both Jimmy Wong's and Bill Hong Sling's rinks can be depended upon to give their Recreio opponents, whoever they are drawn against, a close game. The issue will depend largely on the temperamental rink skipped by Tommy Baker.

Against the very careful play of the Recreio bowlers, it is doubtful if Baker will be able to run up the huge scores that he has in the last two matches.

Coates played consistently as lead in all the Interport matches in which he took part and is still one of the best drawing men in the Colony. More important, however, is the fact that in pairs the need of experienced directions is much greater than in triples or rinks. The skip will have to depend on his No. 1's directions not for two woods, or three woods, but for four woods.

THIS AFTERNOON

Coming to this afternoon's League matches, the first Division match between Recreio "Blues" and KCC at Recreio

KCC and FC, pitted against fairly easy opponents and all expected, except for HKRC, to come through with 4-1 wins.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Recreio "Blues" v. KCC
PRC v. KBGC
IRC v. Recreio "Whites"
FC v. CCC (Postponed)
KDC (bye)

Second Division

CCC v. KCC
KBGC v. TC
IRC v. USRC
HKCC v. Recreio
HKFC v. PRC

Third Division

HKFC v. IRC
USRC v. HKERC
KCC v. CCC
PRC v. FC

LEAGUE STANDINGS

	P. W. D. L. Pts.
Recreio "Blues" ...	4 4 0 0 10
Recreio "Whites" ...	3 2 0 1 10
CCC ...	3 2 0 1 10
KCC ...	2 2 0 0 8
PRC ...	4 1 0 3 8
IRC ...	2 1 0 0 4
KBGC ...	2 1 0 1 4
FC ...	2 0 0 2 3
KDC ...	4 0 0 4 3

Second Division

Recreio ...	4 3 0 1 15
KBGC ...	5 8 0 2 14
KCC ...	3 3 0 0 13
USRC ...	4 2 0 2 11
IRC ...	3 2 0 1 10
CCC ...	4 2 0 2 9
KBGC ...	3 2 0 1 8
TC ...	5 1 0 4 7
HKCC ...	2 0 0 2 2
PRC ...	3 0 0 3 1

Third Division

KCC ...	1 1 0 0 5
IRC ...	1 1 0 0 5
FC ...	1 1 0 0 4
HKERC ...	1 1 0 0 4
USRC ...	1 0 0 1 1
PRC ...	1 0 0 1 1
CCC ...	1 0 0 1 0
HKFC ...	1 0 0 1 0

SKIPS' TABLES

First Division

	P. W. L. D. F. A. U. D. Pts.
K. Liddle (PRC) ...	4 4 0 0 0 0 0 10
T. E. Baker (KCC) ...	2 2 0 0 0 0 5 15
J. A. Luz (Rec. Blues) ...	4 2 2 0 0 112 64 48
J. V. Ribeiro (Rec. Blues) ...	4 2 2 0 0 59 63 29
A. A. Lopez (Rec. Whites) ...	2 2 2 0 0 46 28 17
R. Bass (FC) ...	2 2 0 0 0 46 39 9
E. E. Elliot (KDC) ...	4 2 2 0 0 84 78 9
A. E. Coates (CCC) ...	3 2 1 0 0 58 56 2
J. S. Landolt (CCC) ...	3 2 1 0 0 59 55 1
C. R. Rosselot (CCC) ...	3 2 1 0 0 54 55 1
C. A. Danenber (Rec. Whites) ...	3 2 1 0 0 60 63 3

Tables

First

Division

SKIPS' TABLES

First

Division

SK

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Rarely Has There Been A More Cheerless Opening To The Cricket Season

It is not surprising that the uninviting conditions with drizzling rain and biting winds are reflected in the attendances at county matches. I have heard it said that there has not been a worse year from the financial viewpoint within living memory. There is a blow to Pakistan, visiting England for the first time. They have had to play on wet wickets to which they are not accustomed. And they have often played in front of meagre crowds. In fact at Leicester over three days there was a total attendance, including members, of only 1,000 with takings under £300. The Pakistanis started off the tour at Worcester in fine weather with a "gate" of £700 but since then they have been unluckier.

At Lord's in their first major match, Pakistan beat England 100-0 with the total of 1,000 being the result of a attendance of 20,000 on yards. Actually in view of the weather the attendance was surprisingly large but it was still short of what might have been expected.

Yet there is a ray of sunshine for our soiree pressed visitors who are putting up a fine show in the face of difficulties—advance bookings at Lord's for the first Test Match there are £1,000 better than at a comparable period to the Test with India in 1952. Pakistan who were awarded a financial grant from their Government for the tour are assured of a share of at least £4,000 from the Lord's Test.

Bookings for the second Test at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, are causing worry but if Pakistan put up a good show in the first Test as I am sure they will the public here will be glad to sit up and take notice.

Already the team has won a reputation for attractive batting, with Maqsood Ahmed the star. And England has seen

VALERIE PIPPED



Miss H. Sleman winning the Ladies' 80 Yards race from Mrs Valerie Winn, the WAAA Champion at this distance, during the Sward Trophy Meeting at Chiswick. The winning time was 2 minutes 19.1 seconds.—Central Press Photo.

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLES . . .

By Barry Appleby



DIDN'T FALL



Grey Mist, ridden by Gabrielle Dare in the Children's Open jumping competition, seems to have caught its legs in the centre of one of the jumps, but she did not fall. The picture was taken at the Royal Windsor Horse Show held in the Home Park.—Central Press Photo.

Six-Point Plan For Less Tough National

The RSPCA have put their six-point plan to make the Grand National safer to Weatherbys, agents for the National Hunt Committee.

They want tightening of qualifications for horses and riders; lowering of top weight; alteration of the distance between the start and the first fence; modification of certain

fences; and veterinary examination.

Lord Dorchester, a member of the council of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Mr Arthur Moss, the society's chief secretary, made these representations at Weatherbys' London offices.

The meeting followed protests after this year's race, in which four horses died.

THE FUTURE

Some of the society's suggestions were:

The Horse.—Present qualification which holds good for life—a place in an over-£300 and over-3½m. race—should be reviewed annually or every other year.

The Jockey.—He should have ridden at least five to ten winners in the past two or three seasons.

The Fences.—The society quoted "an experienced rider over the course" who suggested that the fence after Beane's Brook and the one before the Canal Turn might be altered or even removed.

The Weight.—"A top weight of 12st. is enough to ask any horse to carry at racing pace over Aintree. By lowering the top weight the chances of the more lightly weighted animals are automatically reduced, and thus some owners would hesitate to enter indifferent animals."

CalTex's favourite shot is playing into the wind. In Open Championships, when stormy conditions have baffled others, he has shown himself the master.

He plays the shot with the hands forward "to flight the ball down."

—(London Express Service.)

Don't Be Afraid Of Wedge Shots, But Don't Expect Miracles

Says BERNARD HUNT

I have found that the wedge is either top favourite in the handicap golfer's bag or it is the bogey club which is always carried for effect but never used. In other words the chaps who have taken the trouble to get the hang of it find it invaluable; and the chaps who haven't are just scared of it.

But there is nothing to be scared of. It is an excellent club if used for the purpose for which it is designed. The trouble I have found with too many people is that they expect miracles from it. They expect to be able to hang the ball up to the pin, and make it stop, from all kinds of distances.

Expert wedge players like Bobby Locke or Charlie Ward may be able to do long distance trick shots with it; but I am quite sure ordinary folk can't. In any case, if you watch carefully, you won't see the master men trying many "trick" shots either.

Too many people try to make the wedge hit the ball too far. I am certain it should only be used for the accurate up-to-the-pin shot from between 30 and 40 yards or less. Certainly no more. If you get the hang of it from that sort of distance it can be the best weapon in the bag for rolling three shots into.

But let's be just as straight and say that nobody can expect to go into the pro's shop, buy a wedge, and go straight out and lay the ball stiff by the pin. It is the sort of club which demands quite a lot of attention and understanding before it will perform. But don't be scared about that. Any average handicap player can handle it.

But I do suggest you should not expect miracles. I know we have all seen films where the American boys pitch the ball to the green and make it drop beyond the pin, spin back and settle neatly by the cup. You just will not get that sort of thing in England. We don't have that kind of heavily watered green.

This is a shot which must never be allowed to get "sloppy." The crisper you can clip into, and through, the ball the better. As I go through I make a particular point of trying to keep the clubhead following through low after the ball. That avoids any tendency to pick the ball up and makes the club do its job.

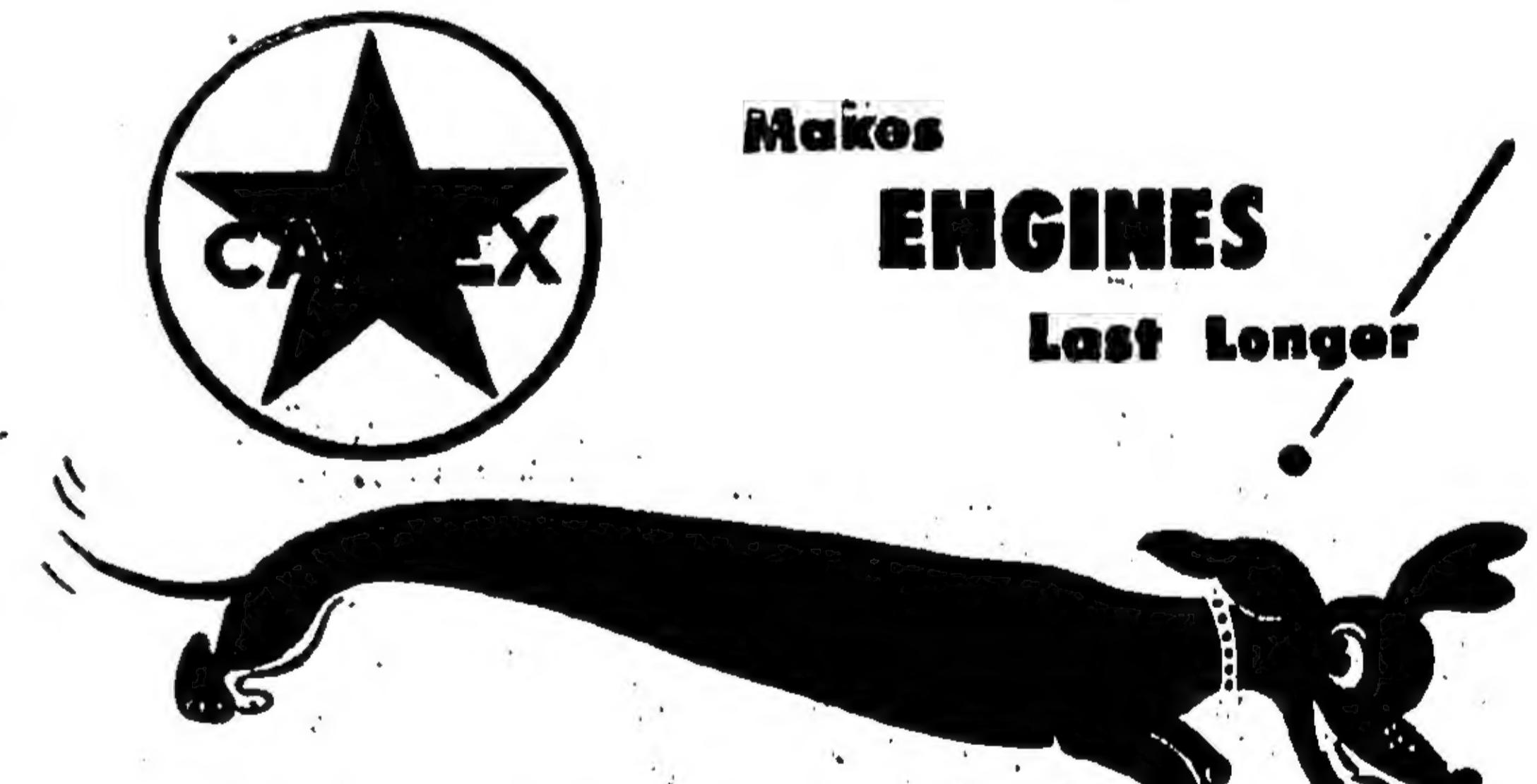
PLAY DOWN AND THROUGH

When you have got the right feel of this shot you will find that the ball will fly with less height than a number eight but that it will be better controlled in flight and will have definite checking power on the green. Some people say the wedge shot is a push. In many ways that describes the general action very well—for those hands must keep ahead of the clubhead right through—but it is really something much crisper and bolder than is suggested by a push.

There is a pedestrian tunnel under the track and the latest safety measures, which include concrete retaining walls and crash barriers.

In addition to two top-class international road race meetings after the close of the hurdling season, it is planned to have either one or two main international meetings here during the season. The May event has already been officially placed on the international calendar.

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 "CALCHAS" Dublin & Liverpool 23rd July 24th July

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

BOYS AND GIRLS... UNMASK THIS—

MAN from MARS



THE Detection Squad—
 and that means ALL
 you boys and girls—goes
 into action today to catch
 out a trickster who goes
 about cheating children of
 their Saturday's pocket
 money.

He comes to YOU. And that
 is unwise of him, because you,
 of course, prove too clever for
 him. Like this. First the trickster
 tall and bearded, tells you a
 fantastic story.

He is a Martian, he says. He
 has just landed in a spaceship
 from the planet Mars. He
 makes it sound all the more
 plausible because this month
 Mars will, in fact, be nearer to
 the earth (49,000,000 miles
 away) than for 15 years.

No one saw him come because
 he landed in a remote and lonely
 spot, and to prove his tale he
 shows you a photograph—the
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• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Watch for Any Tips;
They'll Help You

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH got far too high in today's hand and should have been punished for his presumption. East was known to be a rather "steamy" bidder, and South suspected that East was trying to talk him out of the spade suit.

It was perfectly apparent from the bidding that North had a rather poor hand with a single-ton spade and not too many clubs. This should have made West's defense very clear.

When the hand was actually played, West woodenly opened the long of hearts. Declared was a diamond from his hand. He then took the ace of spades and proceeded to ruff three spades to dummy returning to his own hand each time by ruffing a heart. Thanks to the fact that the trumps broke 7-2, South was still able to draw trumps and cash his last spade trick.

Declarer lost only one diamond and one trump, making his biddefence very high.

West should have known from the bidding that South intended to ruff spades in the dummy.

NORTH			
♦ 10			
♥ A 10 6 13	♦ K 6 5 2		
♦ Q 7 5 4	♦ J 10		
♦ 6 3			
WEST (0)			
♦ Q 9 4	♦ K 6 5 2		
♥ K Q 9 5	♦ J 10 7 2		
♦ K 9 2	♦ A 10		
♦ A 2			
SOUTH			
♦ A 8 7 3	♦ K Q J 9 5		
♦ 8 3			
♦ K Q J 9 5			
Both sides vul.			
West	North	East	South
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♦	2 ♦
Pass	2 ♦	3 ♦	4 ♦
Pass	3 ♦	Pass	5 ♦
Pass	5 ♦	Pass	Pass
Opening lead: ♦ K			

Here West should have begun by leading the ace of clubs, followed by another club. Equally important, however, West should have seen that this defense would not South's bid, and he should have doubled before leading the ace of trumps.

South would be able to ruff only one spade in the dummy, and would therefore have to give up two spade tricks. He would therefore lose two spades, one diamond, and one trump for a loss of 500 points instead of a gain of 600 points.

At double rummy, the hand can be set three tricks. West opens a diamond, and the defender takes two diamond tricks before switching to trumps. This defense carries South to lose two diamonds, two spades, and a trump.

CARD Sense

Q.—With both sides vulnerable the bidding has been: South: West, North: East, Pass?

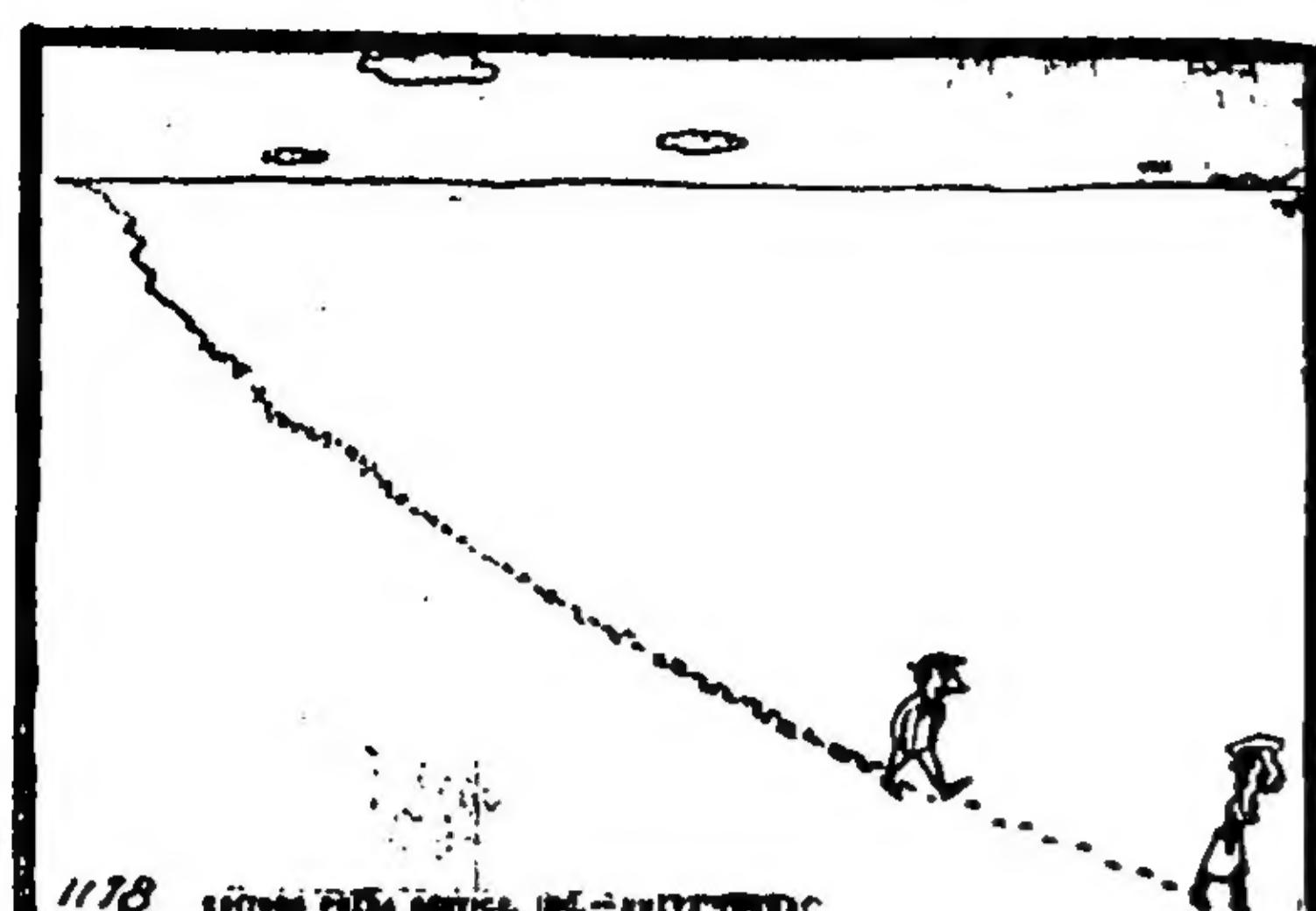
You, South, hold: Spades 9-7-3, Hearts A-J-9, Diamonds A-K-8-3-2, Clubs K-5. What do you do?

A.—Bid two diamonds. You have only 15 points in high cards with only moderate distributional strength. You cannot afford to insist on a game unless your partner can make another move.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades 9-7-3, Hearts A-J-9, Diamonds A-K-8-3-2, Clubs K-5. What do you do?

Answer on Monday



YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

BORN today, you possess a multiplicity of talents. You are active in business and commerce, and you are determined to have your own way and succeed at any cost—which you undoubtedly will. You are most frank, reserved and—if the truth must out—more than a little stubborn when your will is crossed! You manage, as a rule, to get your own way eventually. It may take a long time, but you just keep right on trying until you succeed.

Guard against becoming narrow-minded, holding prejudices and beliefs which are unworthy of one of your intellect.

You have strong domestic ties and your own family knows the real you: warm-hearted, loyal, sympathetic and compassionate. You and the sex are very intuitive. Learn to follow these "hunches" even if you cannot give a good reason for them. You will find that in the end you are always right, if you do.

Among those who born on this date are Anthony Eden, statesman; Sir Oliver Lodge, James Oliver Curwood, Francis Scott Key, Henry Savage, author; and John H. Roebling, engineer.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—You will be worth your while to forget your troubles for a couple of days and relax tensions thoroughly.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Perhaps you will be happiest if you take a short trip. A change of scene might do you a lot of good.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you seem to be disengaged, seek spiritual consolation and advice. It can be extremely helpful.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—The signs are fine for that long-delayed week-end out of town. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Attendance at the church of your choice this morning can do you a lot of good just now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Be cautious if travelling by car on the crowded roads today. Keep an eye out for the other fellow.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20)—Seek spiritual guidance if at all perplexed by any problem. You will find that it really helps.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Attendance at the church of your choice should bring you intense satisfaction this morning.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 19)—A day at the shore or in the country will prove important to your physical well-being. Get outdoors!

PIRATES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't plan so much entertaining that the week-end brings you no real rest or relaxation.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20)—Mental rest, as well as physical relaxation, is important. Be sure that you get what you need.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Attendance at the church of your choice should bring you intense satisfaction this morning.

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SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—The

JOHN HASTIE & CO., LTD.
SHIPS STEERING GEAR.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954.

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL
NEW
"SNORKEL"
PEN

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Two's Company

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are a music-hall joke and are obliged to take what comfort they may from the fact that the British laugh loudest at the people and things they cherish the most.

Fathers-in-law have been let off more lightly than the comedians but they, like their wives, in the years since the war, have had to put up with a good deal of trouble and discomfort by virtue of their office.

With parents-in-law as with parents, a certain amount of sacrifice is in these days an occupational risk. As a father-in-law named Joseph discovered the other day.

OUT FOR A STROLL

JOSEPH is 74 now, and in his few lines sketched in his rosy-pink face insist that though things may not always have gone with him exactly as he would have wished, on the whole, he has found life a splendid lark, and finds it so still.

The other evening, as Joseph took a stroll along Grays Inn Road, he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who was shuffling wearily along on the other side of the street.

Though she was so much younger than Joseph in years, in other ways, in gait, manner, outlook, she seemed much older, for hope had departed from her early in life.

TOO TIRED
"HEY," Joseph called, and waved his stick. His daughter-in-law, plump, middle-aged, with streaky hair, looked up. The two met.

"And where may you be off to?" Joseph inquired. "Buckingham Palace is it tonight? Or where?"

She was too tired for joking. "The bomb-site," she said, "I'm off to the bomb-site."

Joseph had a bed already booked for himself in a hostel, but the sight of his daughter-in-law, in such evident misery made him put thought of that from his mind.

STILL THERE
"I'll come with you and keep your company," he said.

She protested, but Joseph was bent on doing his good deed, and presently he settled down near her, with sack and old newspapers for covering, in the bombed-out building where she at the time was making her home.

A policeman found them near midnight, and told them to move. They did not commit themselves. When the policeman came back half an hour later, Joseph was still there. So was Pearl, his daughter-in-law.

They were arrested. "Now I can get to bed," said Joseph thankfully, when the charge of wandering abroad and lodging in the open air was read out to him at the police station.

A BED TONIGHT
At the Clerkenwell court, later in the morning, he and his daughter-in-law both pleaded guilty to the charge, and the story was told to Mr. H. F. R. Sturge, the magistrate. "I've a bed booked for tonight, too, at the hostel," said Joseph, and he was discharged conditionally. His daughter-in-law's case was less simple.

"I been staying in hostels," she said, "but I'm epileptic and when they find that out they won't have you." Epilepsy made things hard for her. So did something else. She had several previous convictions that could not be put down to illness.

She was fined 10s. and given no time in which to pay. The alternative was five days in prison. Ten shillings was far beyond her father-in-law's resources to help her with. It looked as if that night he would be able to claim the hostel bed that he had paid for.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

HEART — Burn — Stream — Gulf — Gulp — Pulp — Pull — Tug — Way — Man — Many — Zany — Fool — Trick — Gull — Quick — Strike — Brick — Rick — Dick — Spite — Sighted — Lighted — Delight — Turkish — Carpet — Knight — Night — Fudge — Kiss — 3-Mint — 4 — Bone — Tasty — Caramels — 7 — Nut — 8 — Caramels — 9 — 10 — 11 — 12 — 13 — 14 — 15 — 16 — 17 — 18 — 19 — 20 — 21 — 22 — 23 — 24 — 25 — 26 — 27 — 28 — 29 — 30 — 31 — 32 — 33 — 34 — 35 — 36 — 37 — 38 — 39 — 40 — 41 — 42 — 43 — 44 — 45 — 46 — 47 — 48 — 49 — 50 — 51 — 52 — 53 — 54 — 55 — 56 — 57 — 58 — 59 — 60 — 61 — 62 — 63 — 64 — 65 — 66 — 67 — 68 — 69 — 70 — 71 — 72 — 73 — 74 — 75 — 76 — 77 — 78 — 79 — 80 — 81 — 82 — 83 — 84 — 85 — 86 — 87 — 88 — 89 — 90 — 91 — 92 — 93 — 94 — 95 — 96 — 97 — 98 — 99 — 100 — 101 — 102 — 103 — 104 — 105 — 106 — 107 — 108 — 109 — 110 — 111 — 112 — 113 — 114 — 115 — 116 — 117 — 118 — 119 — 120 — 121 — 122 — 123 — 124 — 125 — 126 — 127 — 128 — 129 — 130 — 131 — 132 — 133 — 134 — 135 — 136 — 137 — 138 — 139 — 140 — 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